

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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of Literature, Science and Art.*

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JANUARY—MARCH, 1927.

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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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JANUARY—MARCH, 1927.

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The Little Clan

Over their edge of earth
They wearily tread,
Leaving the stone-grey dew—
The hungry grass ;
Most proud in their own defeat,
These last men pass
This labouring grass that bears them
Little bread.

Too full their spring tide flowed,
And ebbing then
Has left each hooker deep
Within salt grass ;
All ebbs, yet lives in their song ;
Song shall not pass
With these most desperate,
Most noble men !

Then, comfort your own sorrow ;
Time has heard
One groping singer hold
A burning face ;
You mourn no living Troy,
Then mourn no less
The living glory of
Each Gaelic word !

F. R. HIGGINS.

Launching of a Ship

By smoking shipyards out disquietly
Borne onward by the clamouring of anvils
The final reaches of the river ran ;
And fretted cries of gulls against the wind
Flew wildly inland from the open sea ;

And in one busy yard beneath a ship
The last few hammer strokes fell dully dead,
And free from all the scaffolding around her
The naked towering hull stood lithely poised
Curved to the sky upon the open slips ;

And I, a stranger in that enormous place,
Stood high but dwarfed beneath her waiting bows,
And saw the christening, and on the breath
Was borne of crowds below, that sighing rose
As down the silent slips she gathered pace.

The yellow sun glowed through the pall of sky
And lit the vessel veering to the flood,
That through the long vista of the empty dock
We saw her, taken by the tug in tow,
Toss proudly following with restive eye.

Then, cloistered in walls, we drank her praise at last,
And owners and foremen toasted all and each
Who planned and learned to love, on whom
Slowly it dawned with throbbing noisy hearts
The treasured work of weeks was in the past ;

And on white sea beneath a tipsy sun
They, old, dim, who first did love her, dead,
With eyes, wet, stared, on slender lines they knew
Forge back to meet them through the vibrant heat
Upon the course so long ago begun.

ALEC BROWN.

To Jean De Morel from Rome

After the French of Du Bellay.

I.

To flatter duns so well that they will wink
At bills unpaid, bankers until they lend,
And from French liberty of speech defend
Your converse lest it pass discretion's brink,
To ponder carefully both food and drink
Lest ruined health result, your gold to spend
With cautious forethought, to seduce a friend
To confidence, yet hide what you do think.

To bow to rank, to clutch what liberty
You have lest it may be curtailed, to rate
Opinions skilfully, read each man's thought,
To live with anyone, with all agree
This is, my dear Morel (I blush to state)
The wisdom that three years in Rome have taught.

II.

Freedom I love, yet pine in slavery,
I hate the court, yet must I nod and smile
Its sycophant, must cultivate the guile
Of courtiers, I, who know sincerity.
I love not gold, though avarice uses me,
For his low ends; the titles that they pile
Upon me please me not, where all are vile
Faith earns a sneer and virtue mockery.

I seek for peace and find it in no place,
All pleasure here is but a weariness,
Argument I detest, and yet am whirled,
This way and that; action's a poet's disgrace,
Yet affairs weigh me down, Morel confess
I'm the most wretched rascal in the world!

MONA PRICE.

November Afternoon

The misty lake laps quietly
On the gray parapet, the trees
Are bare and black against the sky.
On lily ponds there are no flowers
Only brown withered leaves float by,
Shrouding the shadowy images
Of marble nymphs, who mournfully
Dream of summer's scented hours.
Suddenly silence breaks, a flight
Of wild duck crash into the lake
Ploughing up the water dark
With crystal furrows in their wake
Soon through the dusky trees a light
Will glimmer green or twinkling gold,
And twilight's tremulous blue enfold
The enchanted kingdom of the Park.

MONA PRICE.

Toft's Horses

Round and round, galloping high,
The horses go with their riders bold
With scarlet nostril and flashing eye,
And hooves and manes of gold.

We who ride are princes three
Bound for Arabia or Cathay,
Brothers in high adventure, we
Follow enchanted prey.

Faster and faster goes the tune,
The Fair booths blur in a starry mist,
Gay from the clouds spins the young moon,
Beckoning us to a tryst . . .

Alas ! that our steeds must check their course,
And we, whose journey timeless seems
Dismount like sleepers roused by force,
Still blinded by their dreams.

MONA PRICE.

Ballad of Good Counsel

After the French of François Villon.

O, if it happens you should be
A huckster selling soul's repose,
Or a night dodger that you'd see
Scalded for coining, one that throws
A trickster's dice, or, worse than those,
Some gallows villain out of jail,
I'll tell you where your silver goes—
To young girls and October ale.

Ah, make your sport and develries,
My gamey, impudent boy-oes;
Jest, juggle, pipe, act mysteries,
And walk the world in mummers' clothes;
Win at the cards, and play your shows
At fair or town—and I'll go bail
That all the gold you gather flows
For young girls and October ale.

Let you then give up roguery,
Live peaceably with friends and foes,
Dig turf, mind horses honestly,
Work at the land, be one that owes
Nothing to any man—Dear knows,
It isn't long that tricks prevail!—
Rogues waste their harvest as it grows
On young girls and October ale.

Lads, cloak and doublet, point and hose,
All, all you have will swell the tale.
Light flies the grain that folly sows
For young girls and October ale!

MICHAEL SCOT.

The Light of Speech

From the Russian of Alexey Remizov.

BY ALEC BROWN.

The day was ending—stupid confusion and chaos ; a day filled with hungry efforts and cunningest contrivances to get hold of food ; a day in whirl between office and queues, waiting and waiting, and a miserable midday meal.

And there was a time when my thoughts never turned to gluttony ! Strange to think this, but yet it was so. Strange, too, to think I am still alive.

All my misery has fallen away and then, like vapour, risen again about ears and eyes ; and all I see and all I hear is impregnate with misery.

The street, passers-by—people, beasts, and machines—strike with pain at my heart ; and I cannot take my eyes from them ; for they do not see me.

The Petersburg night ; not a chink of light ; and all our warren silent.

Through the wall something astir, something coughing—my insomniac neighbour.

Only we two do not sleep ; he, because he has a night soul, his soul breathes by night—I, because my labours will never be ended ; and though my hand grow cramped I sit on ; though my miserable candle gutter out, I still sit on. And there at hand are my books. Few of them left—Gogol, Dostoievsky.

“ Poets come not from somewhere over there—beyond the sea, but from out of their own people. They are—flames flying out from it, the first foreriders of its powers.”

Ah ! Gogol, Nikolai Vassilievitch ! What flames ? Or do you not hear me—ash alone remains—cinders, ash, fit only for carrying out in the dustpan and scattering on the slippery pavements, for someone else's American Rubber Overshoe to tread about.

My neighbour is silent now, but towards morning, I know, it will begin all again—that grinding cough.

Everything is silent—a dead warren—the enormous silence of liberty !

How often now I cease to feel my body, seem to separate from it—this enormous silence of liberty !—and no desires left.

I used to have a great number of friends, and all have vanished somewhere.

One alone is left, does not forget me, comes in, sits at the table ; one ear is long, pointed, and one eye is like three, and he talks to me with his normal half, with his normal ear and eye, about rations, and classes, and sub-classes, while his other terrible half stares, you know, terribly.

No, my neighbour has not settled down, the insomniac, there he is at his coughing again !

Ah ! Dostoevsky, Fyodor Mikhailovitch ! What a thing I saw to-day ! I saw a dying dog ; sitting under a wall in a sort of human way, gnawing at a chip of wood in its bleeding jaws.
(1918).

* * * * *

Everything has life, from a star to a cobblestone on the wharves, as everything made has too—every production of human hands, as of the paws of beasts and the claws of birds : nests and towns and houses and toys and machines burn with their own light. Thus also the thoughts and conceptions of man burn with light, and speech, too, has its light.

How much more pleasant it is to say something kindly of a man than to snarl.

But why do I say pleasant—it is more ! It is a great happiness to find good in a man.

And happiness proceeds from light.

And light proceeds from what we call human in man ; and the human in man is the warmth of desire the human heart holds, that mortar binding together the impoverished, sundered world,

Man speaking to man, and
Heart to heart.

In the midst of the lowest beastliness in which people strive for emulation, amid heartlessness and malice and spite, in this

nether blackness, it suddenly gleams, a warm spark, and casts its glow—you go along the Nevsky on some leaden freezing evening, and there, in the neighbourhood of the Kazan Cathedral, the sky parts and a ruddy streak runs across it—a glow brighter even than this most northern glow.

I have seen it and felt it.

I have seen it in that called the beast in man, and from which even the beasts turn aside; just speak in human tones, just question wolves, foxes, all hares and rabbits!

I have seen much good from man even in this greatest of divisions, on the turning-point of human life during all these decisive years.

And during these years, come once in tens, aye, maybe in hundreds of years, I, scavenger, hovering round doorsteps, patiently, and, I will say, not without fear, awaiting my turn in waiting-rooms—I, filler-in of forms, how often, browbeaten, in last abasement, gone timid, with stifled voice, or simply lost in my despairing stupefaction, waking along the streets and sensing my desolation and protectionlessness, open to all—with what most burning desire did I think—

Of wolves and foxes and all hares and rabbits,
Speechless brothers and sisters.

Then one day I happened to be going along the Liteyny; somehow ever getting up, going out, everything had gone wrong: I applied here and was refused, elsewhere and was simply cheated, and in a third place, refusal and cheating would not describe it, in addition they cursed me up and down, and, submissive in everything, I had to take it humbly and without a word back; I really cannot say whether from fearful dependence, so as not to make things worse, that is, by answering back—or, and, Oh despair, this too happened—so as not to be sent flying into space with stones after me—but throw them, throw them, I will take them all on me . . . well, anyway, I was going along the Liteyny, my heart turned towards the beasts, and had already held some of this converse with them, the wolves, foxes, and all hares and rabbits—when someone seemed to pull at my sleeve, and I stopped and listened

Two women had caught me up, workingclass women, you

know. And one was telling the other about some man she knew—I heard this extraordinary thing as clearly as if whispered in my ear—about some man she knew who had not a stick or stitch in the world, the last degree of poverty, you know, so that he had nothing whatever to share, and he said, this man, “Well, when there’s nothing else, I can at least share a kind word.”

Share a kind word! And that at midday, when anywhere on the Square a rifle might go off, and a bullet find a billet—and he saying share a kind word!

And suddenly I as it were woke up—I saw the sky, all blue, not our sky—and my heart reached out; not timid, not cowed; many-handed, many-winged; and I felt myself grow immense. And one feeling filled my heart immense as the world; the word waking me from my carrion state had been said.

I, too, had nothing, and nothing to share—I was a street-man, a scavenger!—but I had (and this is greater than all riches and stores), I had speech, and my speech I shall share, give to all the Sundered, impoverished world—to man, lost unilluminedly from his despair, to man enviously dreaming of the animals, to man, falling in cruellest struggle from unbearable efforts—to be man on earth,

Man speaking to man,
And heart to heart.

(1921).

Five Minutes to Gentleman

From the Russian of Alexey Remizov.

BY ALEC BROWN.

A week ago Senka Bystrof, that niggery locksmith from the works, laughed like a boy as, peppered by bullets, he shot, and the blind bullets spattered in little thuds round him, splintering and chipping the doorposts; and here he is to-day, sitting larger than life in the "Tsarigrad," clutching his washleather gloves, drinking coffee.

Everything came out all right; he was without a scratch; he would have charged at a pike; he didn't care a damn.

In the "Tsarigrad" things were ordinary—that is, noisy, riotous.

The mechanical organ was pouring out songs, while Senka, staring with his dark olive-like eyes at his eagle-eyed companion, had a naive smile on his boyish hairless lips.

The songs made him comfortable, and across his dark-glazed eyes passed his life. Never before had he thought of sitting enjoying himself like that, and the idea of doing anything as important as he was now about to do had never entered his head.

His childhood came back to him: people used to come to see his father in the evening, and under drunken shouts and curses and the accordion he would sit reading a penny dreadful, and all of a sudden he would lose all patience and start quarrelling with his father and the visitors, and be unable to control himself, and up with his fists—and then they would drub him down like Sidor's goat, and cuffs rain about his ears and chaps and in his guts no less than in the clink, where at the very start he found his way as a hooligan. . . . Then unglimmering drunken bouts at the factory with his father. Then whole months, whole rounds of days: everything revolting, sickening—longing to end it all . . .

"Of course it was more than anything else from having nothing to do, from boredom," he said, and smirked guiltily, and swallowed the last drains of coffee and upturned his cup on the saucer.

He was wriggling. It was not easy to get to telling *that*, yet he felt he had to get rid of it all. And while the waiter was clearing and putting the table straight and getting another cup ready, Senka told his story.

"Well, there I go into the carriage. All darkness; and I drew my knife and said, 'Who travels in this carriage?' 'We do.' 'Who's we?' 'Workmen.' 'Where is the light?' 'Isn't any.' 'Why not?' And I began breaking the windows. Then everybody must have cleared out of that carriage. I went into the next. It was lit in there. I said, 'Why is there a light here and none there? Why isn't there any light there? Let us have some light!' And I began breaking the windows. Then everybody must have cleared out of that carriage. I broke all the windows. I was all bloody. The guard comes in. 'That's you,' he says, 'been breaking these windows.' 'It is,' says I. The guard locked the door. I ran to the other, but there was the guard again. Then I bang down with the window-frame, and, God be praised, head first plump into a snowdrift. I dug myself into it, and lay there, all right, only I'd hurt my head; well, I thought, now you're down for clink for sure . . ."

The waiter brought the coffee. Senka snatched at the fresh cup. "And there's no telling all the other things there was," he said, and smirked at his companion.

"Of course, more than anything else from having nothing to do, mainly from boredom. Begging your pardon, that was when I was a member of the apaches. We were going out of the eating-house together, you know. There was no work to be got. There we were going along as quiet as you please. Then up comes the sergeant, Zhoukov. Zhoukov gets level, and he says, 'What are you, you bitch's pups, running off from?' 'What's that,' we say, 'we aren't running away, we're going as calm as you please.' 'Search them,' says he, 'the villains.' Well, and they searched us. And I said, 'Lads,' I said, 'I feel the insult. I'll show this Zhoukov. What, I mean, was he after?' And they say, 'you're a bloody fool. What's Zhoukov?' 'Muck,' they says, 'on a ditchrake. You,' says they, 've got as clean a slate as anyone, and you talk of doing in a Zhoukov!' And they talked me off it. But I bought a half-bottle of government. I went to a sawbones I know, and, I said to him, 'you give me a mixture of

poisons in place of there here vodka, and as strong as they make 'em.' And he gave me *stricken*ing. You know there's a powerful poison o' that name. I took that stricken and put it in the bottle in place of the government, and melted down some white wax and stuck up the cork, and took a farthing and stamped it on the cork, and there was the proper eagle seal. I stuffed this here bottle in my pocket, and off I went with a pal about the market, and we went along yelling out songs and swearing royally. And along comes a patrol of cossacks. 'Boys,' says I, 'cossacks,' says I, 'do me a service, and give this pal o' mine a good hiding, there's no managing him, he's no decency, he injures a delicate fellow's feelings.' And those cossacks hopped out of their saddles, and off they were with their whips at me. And my pal's tracks already cold, he got off. They gave me a drubbing, oh they did, and then began searching me. They got hold of the bottle. 'Give us,' they say, 'this vodka.' I was firm, and I wouldn't let 'em have it. 'If it was you as made it,' says I, 'I would give it you, and willing, but why should I give it you for naught at all.' Well, and they took it away from me. They got into their saddles. They knocked out the cork. As for me, I turns round the corner and watched. One had a drink—nothing. Another—nothing. A third—nothing. But just as the fourth began to drink the first goes head-over-heels out of the saddle onto the ground, then the second, then the third . . . Then I set off home and had a wash down. The next morning I see the boys brought along four uniforms—those cossacks—to the factory."

Senka squeezed at his new wash-leather gloves, waking up.

The "Tsarigrad" was waking up too. A black-mouthed crowd had collected and was yelling through drink-sodden hollow throats, and others were coming in on whose faces showed no smile, but in whose eyes as it were tiny knives, and still others whose eyes were here, there and everywhere.

Through the windows, in the sky, white stars were appearing.

Nobody knew the end.

"Of course, it was more than anything else from having nothing to do, from boredom," evenly beat out Senka's voice.

Away from Words

BY T. G. KELLER.

Though outwardly the lyric poet tabernacles with words, he must not permanently dwell with them, for his chief concern as an artist should be to get away from them. In the finest lyrical work words are symbols that annul themselves. The best lyric was never written by giving heed to vowel and consonantal sounds. Unless the sound comes of its own accord out of a soundless world, there will be no poem. And I think there can be no moment of greater ecstasy than that in which the primordial soundlessness is robing itself in words in the poet's mind. This is why the poet's business is not with words in themselves. For him they are signposts, and he uses them but as indications of the way his reader's mind must travel to capture the height to which they point but never attain. And let no one think he has clutched the heart of a lyric if the visible or audible entity of words still remains. For this is the impregnable barrier to the destined fruition—the consummation of the lyric. Some writers like to speak of the incantation of verse. This idea carries us a little way. But it is too full of material suggestion to bring much illumination. It is better to say the afflatus snaps the web of illusion and plunges us into reality—immerses us in the reality, for a moment, of deity and humanity indis severable and incompatible. It is a transcendental experience, and the reason the poets have not long ago set in man's heart a flame to purge and dissolve materiality is that we are not all Elijahs, and lack the receptivity necessary to discern the chariots and horses of fire to carry us in a whirlwind to heaven. The fault is largely our own. Too long we have pleaded the frailty of earthen vessels. And earthen vessels we remain. The thunders and lightnings of the god stun our senses. But they are not the god himself. Had we girded up our loins and stood firm and resolute to bear them, we could have entered Valhalla scathless and bowed in the presence of the god. The power is always descending, but only the powerful can use it. The poet must be powerful. He must lead the way by reason of his prophetic office and not his human frailties. He must for ever cast away all props of sensuous imagery from his mental moulds, the inheritance of that which has become discredited and effete by use, knowing wings will

flash from the void, for the moment of creation never ceases. It is the way of all spiritual power, of philosophy, of prophecy, of poetry. For God hath chosen "things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."

And above all, the poet must not allow himself undue pre-occupation with technique. His business is to build the altar and, that accomplished, to wait for the descending fire. Technique has destroyed innumerable poets and partially ruined the few that have managed in some small way to survive its malign influence. The poet by divine right is free from the technical drudgery inseparable from the other arts. And he must assert his right. He should never write except when he is buoyantly luminous, full of the spirit of freedom, and entirely self-confident. All inferior poetry is the result of unfulfilled conditions. It arises from compromise, admission of mixtures, a departure from a sense of unity with the whole. And the poet seeking truly the fulfilment of his intuitions will find the means everywhere, all around him, indeed flung full-handed at him by the world, in the tribulation, patience and experience that weave the golden garment of hope. And then will he indeed be clothed for his mission. No more fumbling for words. The bright ray, his Ariel, quicker and more nimble than his mortal endowment, will run before his need. The words will tumble and leap and laugh into place. And the immortal day of the unveiling of the regnancy of poesy will have come.

For the lyric poet's spiritual assertion is something too triumphantly splendid even to contemplate. He must wrap it closely in the heavy clay of words lest the material world should split asunder. And the thing that he asserts can never be conveyed in words. Words ring with emphasis only at the touch of the spirit. Till then they are lifeless dull clods, of use only for buying and selling. No study, no manipulation of them can wing them. The poet must for ever turn away from them, renounce them, despise them, count them as less than the small dust in the balance. For one cannot be too positive in proclaiming that the words of all true lyrics are made in heavenly places, and are not indeed words in the sense that we know them on earth. The poet is the recorder, the willing tool, the joyful slave. Unless the visible world flares up for him and passes away in a pæan

of glory, he comes not near to the place of the illimitable springs of song. And when he does stumble for a moment into the land of rapture, he should not recall his little earthly tricks and knacks. He should fling them away, and with them his plea and his faith in earthly limitations. A little sacrifice! But it is his all, to his purblind mind. And he cannot part with them even for the superabundance of the all-comprising. And so he turns anew to his petty hammering and sawing, his fretwork designs of verbal assonances, dissonances, inter-rhymes, feminine endings, and the the rest of the category. What he wants is the awakening of a spiritual sense. And this will either make or unmake him as a poet. For those who know most of the mystery of this awakening hesitate oftenest, with divine reluctance, lest they should soil the ever-quivering beauty by plunging it in the muddy crater of men's thoughts.

Too long have we put the stigma of our mental limitations on the world of experience. And I think the upheaval in some of the modern schools of poetry, painting, and music is a due recognition of this. But if they continue in their frantic subdivision of the minutest shades of tone, colour, and verbal sound very little can be expected from their efforts. They are still working in the infinite region of material sensation, which, as Tennyson said long ago, is "boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the whole."

The rejection of stereotyped sense impression is good. But they must go the inevitable step forward to the rejection of all sense impression if any real advance is to be made. And they will then find that with the act of definite rejection the way is opened for the amalgamation of sense-sign and symbol. The material mental form is still there, but it becomes impregnated with a subtle irradiation previously absent. The moving, moulding, creating inner sense is at work, and outward things are becoming tokens. The king's gift is but a cup or a ring. But it came from a King. That is the difference. The poet's song is a few humble words. But it gleams with the irresistible radiance of supremacy.

Song, though your wings are weak,
You must not grieve,
Beauty has borne a dream
For you to weave.

This subtle impenetration, infiltration, is most clearly shown in modern music. The composer of our day has developed a fourth-dimension sense. Anyone pliable to its influence can feel this. The poet must hesitate no longer. He must follow in their footsteps. If words are to be of any use to humanity in recapturing the sense of the everlasting—the ever-existing fullness of all things—they must be re-moulded and re-constituted to catch the beauty of the eternal. Not in form, not in compilation. The alphabet will still remain in its indissoluble simplicity. But the weaving, impenetrating power of life, alive to all the subtleties of beauty, must work its magic will. The unit must claim its unity. The all must be finally and for ever discoverable in the part.

For words are nothing in themselves. They take the hue of the thought that moulds and forms them. They are always soiled with the encrustation of common usage. The poet's business is to polish and brighten. And he can only do so by turning entirely away from their usual significance and drawing on the reservoirs of unseen power to create them afresh new minted tokens of ever-recurring life. And doing so will result in no straining or forcing of them out of their proper sphere. There will be no development in the direction of over-refinement or a tenuous paucity of expression. No unintelligibility, or confusion of intricate or half-understood thought. The poet, released from his preoccupation with expression, will find his home in essence, and re-issue thence clothed with the authentic prerogative of spiritual authority, the most direct and unmistakable power known, for in its encircling arms the all has been alike formed and sustained.

The Salute

BY GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS.

It was market day. The main street of the little town was thronged with vehicles, fast and slow, great and little, bringing produce and people to buy and sell at the shops and in the market place. As the clock on the town hall struck ten, Isaac Prettyjohn, driving a rickety waggon laden with baskets of vegetables, came to the top of the narrow street. The sunshine glittered upon the bristles of Isaac's pointed chin and long upper lip; his small eyes were shadowed by a wide-brimmed straw hat; his clothes were clean but astonishingly patched in varying coloured cloths. The old man glanced up at the gilded hands of the clock as if he could not believe his hearing. Then he arose in his seat to tug at the rope reins in a frantic attempt at increasing the speed of his gaunt horse.

At the first stopping place, a greengrocer's, the proprietor, rushing out from the shop, said angrily, "You're late."

"Aye," said Isaac, clambering down from the waggon, "and it's all along of that argumentative old Sam that works for me. This morning, you understand, just when I was ready to start, he came jawing his nonsense at me about the rights of labouring men, so that I was forced to correct him, and one word led to another . . ."

"Hurry up," interrupted the shopkeeper. "You won't be able to get through the shop it's that full—you'd best go down the passage and around to the back."

On other days Isaac had only to hoist the hamper of vegetables upon his shoulders, totter across the pavement, and dump the burden just inside the shop. Now, with the load threatening to overbalance him, he went cautiously down a long, unfamiliar passage, and around corners and across untidy yards till he came to the back of the shop, and there, instructed by the proprietor, he stacked his cauliflowers in a neat pile. When it was done, he shouldered the empty hamper and went back to the street by the way he had come. The gilded hands of the clock then pointed to a quarter past ten, and the tall horse and the waggon loaded with vegetables had vanished.

As the old man stood on the edge of the pavement staring up and down the crowded street, a small boy, running up to him said: "A policeman has just led away your hoss."

"Where to?" said Isaac feebly.

"Around the next corner."

Without replying, Isaac set off for the corner, his heavy, earthy boots clanking on the pavement. And there, sure enough, in a quiet side street was the waggon, and a young policeman was standing at the tall horse's head with an open notebook in his hand—just as if he had been asking the patient animal a final question.

"I've got your name and address from off the waggon—it's right, I suppose?" said the policeman loudly and pompously to Isaac.

"What you want my particulars for, young man?" said Isaac, trying to look bold, but feeling very frightened.

"Obstruction," said the young policeman curtly, "and you'll be summonsed."

"And what will come of it?"

"A fine," said the policeman, snapping his book shut.

"But it's a disgrace to be shown up in a court of law," said Isaac. "I'd not grudge a coin or so for your own spending, rather than have my name printed in the papers."

"Don't try those games on me—and here comes the Chief, and I've a good mind to tell him how you've been trying to bribe me from duty." As the policeman spoke he turned, drew his heels together, and swept his right hand up smartly with the fingers momentarily in contact with his eyebrows. Isaac was not at all impressed by the appearance of the Chief of the Borough police. He had often seen him in the streets, and concluded vaguely that he was a bandsman or a railway guard. There were no bright buttons on his tunic. The two small epaulets were hardly noticeable, the neat peaked cap was insignificant in comparison with a helmet. The only thing that did impress Isaac was that grand gesture of the policeman's. Shyly and imitatively he lifted his right hand slowly and touched his white eyebrows with his earth-begrimed finger nails—just as he had seen the policeman do. At once sternness passed from the Chief Constable's face, he smiled, his eyes flashed, and he jerked up a tan leather glove in acknowledgment of Isaac's clumsy salute. "What's this?" he said, nodding at the waggon.

The constable drew his Chief aside and explained to him. Isaac trying hard to overhear, stood at the tall horse's head.

He was not facing the two policemen, but he watched them with a sidelong glance, so that his eyes pained him. He saw the Chief laugh, and make a gesture and walk away. The constable, after standing stiffly and giving that wonderful sweep of his right arm, came toward Isaac.

"You are in luck's way," he said graciously. "Chief isn't going to summons you at all; I reckon you took his fancy with that salute you gave him—he's very strict about that, I can tell you."

"Salute—what's that then?" asked the bewildered Isaac, beginning to speak loudly, now that he was free from the threatened prosecution.

"A salute is—well, you know, it's what soldiers have to do to an officer, and it's what we men in the force have to do to our Chief. It kind of reminds him that he's got authority over us, I suppose."

"Well, well, I never heard of the like," said the old man.

"There are some who say its military and smart and that, but I reckon it's a nuisance to have to do it regular, for if I chance to meet the Chief forty times in a day, I'd have to remember to salute him every time."

"But I always did think that such meant ships of war banging off blank guns at one another—the same that they did at Jubilee out in the bay."

"I can't waste time putting you in the right over it," said the policeman, with a sudden return of dignity. "Lead your horse out steady, and see that you don't block up the street again."

"If a man hired another man as servant, could he make his servant salute, just like you have to?" said Isaac excitedly.

The policeman, without answering, stalked away, and Isaac led the tall horse out into the street to deliver the remainder of his vegetables to the irate shopkeepers. To some he tried to explain why he was so late, but it only seemed to anger them more. He became sullen, thinking that he was suffering great wrongs because of the stupidity of another; he became confused, and forgot several of his customers and had to return to them, traversing the whole length of the town again. And when at last the waggon was empty, he drove toward his home so despondently that the tall horse slid down the smooth hills and panted distressingly going up the hills.

His wife, Susan, a kindly, puffy-cheeked old woman, was awaiting her husband at the gate which opened in from the highway.

"How is it that you are so late?" she asked as the horse walked sedately up the slope and around to the little yard, with Isaac strutting at its side holding the rope reins.

"There's many reasons, but one's enough, woman—and I'll warrant that it shan't ever happen again."

"Bless my soul, think on that now. Still, haste and come indoors, for I've your tea all waiting in the pot and a rasher of bacon spoiling on the stove."

Isaac removed the cobbled harness from the tall horse, and liberated it into a meadow to nibble at the scorched grass. Then he rubbed his hands on the knees of his corduroy trousers and went in to tea.

"Where's that Sam?" he demanded when he had eaten.

"He's way up along, tending the beans."

"The man is a rogue," said Isaac solemnly; "he betrayed me this day like any Judas, and because of him and his rattling tongue I've been so abused in the town that I most cried from vexation. But now I'm going to settle with him once for all."

"Don't be harsh, Isaac, Sam's been good and faithful all these years, and that's worth much."

"He forgets that he's my servant, and that's what's the matter with him. But I've a plan to improve him."

"How?"

"Now never you mind, woman; but after this day I'll be treated with respect, and it will do me good—you see if it doesn't."

Isaac went up over the fields to where Sam, a red-faced, healthy-looking old man, was tidying the bean rows.

"Well, master, how was things along to town?" Sam shouted cheerily.

"None the better for your making me late, through listening to your shifty talk this morning," said Isaac aggressively; "and so I've come to have it out with you."

"Eh?" cried Sam, bending down the beans to get a better view of his master.

"I'm one that doesn't flare up to spill out my words against the wind, same as you and all other flashy thinkers; I let my mind work steady. For another thing, I hadn't time to choose

my words this morning, but now I'll say my say and have done. I own these acres, and I pay you a wage to be my servant, and I allow you to eat and drink all that you need from my table, as well as affording you a bit of money in exchange for your labour; so what's the use of you trying to tell me that one man is equal to another? I'm master, and you are servant, and under my orders—or leastways you would be, if you had enough sense and reason."

"Have you come up here to tease my pride with your silly boasts?" shouted Sam, snapping off a few beans with a passionate swing of his arm. "Because I won't have it. How did you come to be master over me—how did you come by the acres?"

"From my father, and my father's father afore him," cried Isaac shrilly.

"Aye, but where did they get the land from? It was stolen from the people—same as I told you this morning."

"My land was never stolen from none, my land was never that kind," cried Isaac, his face getting red at the mere thought of such a thing; "and it shows what crazed notions you get into your headpiece, or you'd know that deep earth can't be stolen—you can't come by night and carry it away—thanks be."

"What about stakes of wood with barbed wire, and the law bribed by the robber?"

"I don't know, nor yet I don't care, nothing about that. My land is my land, and you are my lawful servant, and I smart from all the trouble you've given me one way and another with your ways of speech, so that any person hearkening would reckon me the servant and not you. Still, all that's going to change. From now on, whenever I come nigh to you in field, or yard, or barn, I order you to free your right arm from tool, or plough handle, or reins, so that you can raise it up to salute me."

"Salute?" repeated the astonished Sam.

"Aye, in this way—watch me now." Isaac put his heels together and gave a presentable imitation of the policeman saluting the Chief Constable.

"I'll do no such thing," said Sam, "it looks proper silly."

"You will do it, or else off you go, and I'll seek one that will. I don't want to be anyways hard on you; I'll give you till nine of the clock, and if you can't bend your stubborn will enough by then, you can seek another job or go to the workhouse."

"But," gasped old Sam, "there's not a labouring man in the parish that's forced to behave that way. Suppose I agreed to do the like, and any chanced to spy me doing it, they'd spread a tale that both of us had gone clean daft in the head."

"Those are my terms, you can do it or leave it, just as you have a mind to; but I've said my last word upon it," cried Isaac, stumping away out of hearing of his indignant servant's protesting voice.

Susan was standing in the doorway watching her husband come down the field. "Well, what have you done?" she said.

"Why nothing to speak of—just a bit of business atween us as master and man, but from a hint here and there that old Sam dropped, I'd not be frightened if he soon gave in his notice."

"You needn't fret—I know for sure that he's planned to go on serving us till he's fit to get the pension."

"Nowadays when he gets away up to the village meetings, listening to the clack of this and that one, there's no knowing what he'd do," said Isaac nervously.

"No fear—Sam won't try to leave us, and if he did I'd soon coax him to think better of it, for we know his ways, and he knows our ways; I couldn't abear to have a new face poking about on the fields."

"Well, I may be wrong, but we'll see, come by and by," said Isaac with a fine assumption of indifference.

Later in the evening, at about the time when he expected Sam to come, Isaac did his best to coax Susan to go to the village shop. Generally she humoured her husband, but now she refused to obey, and by that sign the old man knew that she was suspicious.

"I'll go up and lie down for a bit, I feel overgone with tiredness," he said when the yard gate rattled; and he mounted the crooked stairs so rapidly that he was at the top before Sam had entered the kitchen. Through the floor boards the talk from below could be heard indistinctly.

"I want master," said old Sam in a strained and peculiar voice.

"He's gone overstairs to rest his limbs; speak your business to me, Sam."

"Right—I've come for to give notice then."

"Eh—notice of what?"

"That I must leave your service and go forth to seek other."

"Don't talk so slight—you two old men are for ever vexing one another with your contrary talk, so that I've to patch up your differences. What is it all about this time?"

"Master he came to me like as if he was a roaring lion and me a pale-faced unicorn, and says he, 'Salute me whenever I come nigh you in field or barn, or leave my service,' says he."

"The man must be crazed—and what's a salute?"

"It's a touching of the face like soldiers must do their officers."

"But why ever should you do the like?"

"I don't know for sure, but I was to do his bidding or go."

"Then he must come himself to take your notice, Sam, for I neither can nor will. Stay here, and I'll bring him to you."

Isaac, fully dressed as he was, flung himself on the bed and feigned sleep, so that he might have more time to arrange his thought. When it was impossible any longer to withstand the shakes which were given to him, he started up in pretended surprise.

"What's this fool game you've been trying to play off on poor Sam?" demanded Susan.

It was twilight in the low-ceilinged bedroom. Isaac stared into his wife's angry face, and the salute seemed less important. He began to laugh very loudly and to slap his thigh. "You don't mean to say that old Sam has come here whining because of a joke I played off upon him?" he whispered.

"He has so, and you'd best haste to mend the mischief you've done. The two of you are one so bad as the other with your tongues clattering for mastery."

Isaac went down over the stairs in a great pretence of merriment, and when he saw Sam sitting dejectedly by the fire he shouted out, "Ha, ha—so you thought I meant it, eh?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"If you only had a bit more gumption in your nature, you'd know when a joke was a joke and not come pulling long faces to frighten womenkind," cried Isaac pompously.

"So that was a joke, eh? And I spent a half hour heaving my hand up and down to my head to see if it was as bad as I thought, and in the end it seemed worse; so I came down to finish both with you and with these acres that I do love most as if they were my own."

"It's downright foolishness to think I meant it—what use would a lift of your arm be to me?"

"That's what I couldn't make out—that's what fretted me. I'd do a extra job of work without complaint, but danged if I can make a circus of myself to please any man—equal or no equal."

Just then Susan came bustling forward tactfully with a bottle of elderberry wine, and cups. The two old men sat before the fire drinking, and arguing in their customary way; Susan sat knitting, ready to interfere if the discussion became too violent.

Congaree Sketches

BY E. C. L. ADAMS.

A FRESHET ON THE CONGAREE

Scene : *Group of Negroes gathered about old shop, talking. Leck approaches. His clothes are yellow with mud, boots caked. Horn swung over his shoulder and old time shot gun under his arm.*

LECK : Gentlemens !

VOICE : Sorter slow. Wuh's de time, Ber Leck ?

LECK : Time ain't so much.

VOICE : Wey you come from ?

LECK : Jes come out of de Congaree swamp.

VOICE : How come time ain't so much, Ber Leck ?

LECK : I jes come out de Congaree swamp, an' de ole river sho' is ragin'. I never is seen a wusser freshet. De logs spin 'round a hundred feet long an' roarin' 'gainst de big trees like dey guh tear de heart out de earth wey dey go—varmint a settin' on limbs an' ridin' on logs, an' I seen er drove er cow swimmin'. Each one had he head restin' on de tail of de other cow. When de call come an' de first cow sink an' all de other cows sink. Atter while I see 'em whirlin' over an' over. Sometime dey feets in de air, sometimes dey horns, an' de river been mess up wid cow horns an' foots, an' it th'owed 'em ever which er way, an' I see hog cut dey own thoats tryin' to swim out of de torment an' de river, an' it look like God Almighty must er wrop he arm 'round de flood an' whirl it back in He anger. Every which er way I look I see 'struction. I see sturgeon tangle up in wire fence an' de birds quit singin' an' went to hollerin', an' I look down on de yaller water an' I see wey buzzard cast he shadow. Everywhere I look I see buzzard. I been prayin' to God to help me an' I been fightin' de angry waters an' 'struction been rollin' at me an' I been lookin' death in de face. An' God save me dis time, an' I reckon I'll stay 'way from de big swamp an' try an' don't do nothin' to defy Him.

Brother, when de Congaree gits riled, it mighty nigh look like Jesus his self forgits de poor critters hit look like He stan' back an' give de devil a chance to do he do. An' if your heart ain't right, my brother, de big swamps will 'stroy it. Dey 'stroy your body, an' if dey ain't 'stroy it, look like dey 'stroy your soul.

VOICE : Did you hear Ber Leck ? He ain't tell no lie. I see a heap of mens come out de big swamps. If dey stay dere long enough, when dey come out dey look more like beasts or varmints dan dey does like mens. Brother, God ain't make dem swamps for mens. Dey de home of de devil, de home of 'struction ; dey de home of serpents, de home of buzzard, and if you put mens in dem swamps, de only way dey can live is to be like de critters dat live dere, an' take on dere ways. Yes, my brother, stay 'way from de big swamps.

THE MULE AND THE OX

A ox and a mule was workin' together in de same wagon. One day de mule say to de ox, " Look here, Ber Ox, you got to do better, you let me do all de work. If you ain't do better, you guh be kilt, kaze I heard de butcher talkin' to our boss to-day, an' he say : ' Dat ox would make mighty fine beef, I would like to buy him from you.' Ox, if you don't change your ways, you guh be kilt."

An' de ox say to de mule, " I ain't guh change my ways for nobody. I guh keep on jes like I always been doin', and you jes 'member dis : if I is kilt, my hide will be a terrence to you de balance of your days."

An' ever since den mens has been whippin' mules wid ox hides.

THE YELLOW CRANE

Scene : *In the heart of the Congaree Swamp.*

Group of Negroes talking.

JUBE : Limus dead back in de swamp on Crane Lake.

SANDY : Wuh ail him ?

JUBE : Him an' Saber been seinin' back dere wid a gang of dem Free Issues, an' dey all come out of de water. Limus stan' up on de edge of de lake and look out dere and look like he froze ; he look an' stiffen he self an' nod he head like he geein answer to somebody out in de water. Saber say he look like he git a call to come an' he ain't got to go less he gree, an' he nod he head an' stiffen he self like he see sompen ain't no human ever see afore, an' den he shake all over an' drap dead. An' Saber say he ain't see a God's thing in dat lake but a monster big crane, a yaller crane.

He say it were a natural crane, but he been yaller wid eye like a goose, and he been taller dan a man, an' he had a bill longer dan de handle of a blacksmith's tongs. He say he noticed dat good, kase when Limus drap he seen him open he bill and work it like he were laughin'. He twis' he head dis way and dat and he ain't make a sound, but he wink he eye and ain't never shet it, but he half close it. It look like some kind of evil sperrit lookin' through a crack in de side of he head. He say dat ole bird guin him de ague.

Den he say dat crane rumple up he feather and shake he self. He start walkin' straight to way Limus lay. He say he look at him good. He look like a crane and he look like a man, like a ole man yaller wid a beard, an' he look evil, an' he look like de father of death. An' he walk up to way Limus lay an' stoop down 'side him, an' put he head close to Limus' head like he listenin' to sompen. Den he twis' he head one side an' look at him careful, an' laugh widout makin' a sound. Den he step 'cross Limus an' put he foot on him like he scorn him, den he reach 'round his self like a man pullin' a cloak 'round him an' walk out 'cross de big swamp wid he head drawed up. He look more sinful dan sin. He look satisfied and he look like he were in misery. Saber say he ain know wuh to make of how he look, he look so much diff'ent kind of way.

SANDY : Wuh de ole Issue do ?

JUDE : I axe Saber an' he say he look an' he seen all dem Issue walkin' off through de swamp, and dey ain't say nothin' and dey ain look like humans. He say he ain call 'em an' he ain wan call 'em. He say de swamp look evil wid de

yaller mud from de high water up on de trees higher 'an a man's head, an' shadows from de trees an' flies an' things flyin' 'round. An' up in de air a hawk been sailin' 'round an' a buzzard way up dere in de sky ; an' through de yaller swamp de yaller crane an' de goose eye yaller Issue was passin' in de distance mixin' wid everything else dat were yaller, and passin' dis way comin' into sight one minute an' fadin' de nex' till dey all was swallowed up an' everything were like it were not in a human world.

Saber say it were dreadful, an' ef it had er las' much longer, he would er drap down dead like Limus done. He say he ain't know how he git home, an' he know he days is shortened.

KIKE : You all ain't got no sense. You ain't heared 'bout de yaller crane of Crane Lake ? Wuh you reckon dey call dat place Crane Lake for ?

VOICE : Wuh ?

KIKE : It been Crane Lake way back in slavery time when my grand-daddy's pa been chillun, an' it ain't never been no place for crane, scusin' de big yaller crane Saber see, an' dat ain't been no crane.

Back in slavery time dey been a ole Issue who daddy sent him off to a furrin lan' for schoolin'. He sent him when he were chillun an' he brung him back when he were a man. An' dis here Issue been mighty smart wid heap er book an' heap er larnin', and when he come back to de Sand Hill he been a doctor, an' he live by he self. He had more sense 'an white folks and niggers both ; he scorn everybody, nigger an' white folks ; an' dey tells tales 'bout how he nuse to 'casion niggers to die. Dey say he ain't never miss a chance, an' ain't nobody ketch him. White folks was feared on him wusser 'an nigger, an' he look like he ain't got no nuse for Issue, but dey say he ain't harm 'em. An' he nuse to walk in de big swamp, and de ole folks says he would stan' on Crane Lake an' laugh at he own weeked ways, an' he were satisfied when some folks died ; an' he been full of misery for he self and everybody, but a real nigger were pison to him, an' he were pison to de nigger. He hair were straight an'

he been goose eye, an' he look like a crane, an' he wored a long black cloak. He died on Crane Lake an' many slavery time niggers die on Crane Lake, an' dere is certain times when de yaller crane is seen, an' a nigger always die and dey is enticed dere by Free Issues wid one excuse or another.

VOICE : Un' Kike, you done guin me a chill. Wuh he have 'gainst niggers ?

KIKE : I ain't know. De ole folks says dat de way dey come to be Free Issues dat white womens were dey mammy an' niggers were dey daddy, and de law ain't 'low de chillun of a white ooman to be a slave ; an' a new lookin' race of goose eye niggers was created, an' dey had minds of dey own an' ways of dey own. Dey was discounted by white folks, an' dey was scorned by niggers.

An' now I done tell you de first start of Issues an' dey creatin'. I ain't know no more an' I ain't guh say no more.

OLE MAN ROGAN

Scene : *Camp on Banks of Congaree.*

Time : *Summer Night.*

Group of Negroes sitting around fire talking.

BALTI : Ain't had so much luck since we been fishin' here. Dis here place done fish out.

TUNGA : Less we lef' here an' go to Boggy Gut. Ain't nobody fish much dere.

OLD BILL : I rudder stay here an' don't have so much fish. I never is think too much of Boggy Gut.

TUNGA : How come you ain't want to go to Boggy Gut ?

OLD BILL : Is you 'member hearin' 'bout Ole Man Rogan name call ?

BALTI : I hear Ole Man Rogan name call, but I ain't know nothin' 'bout him. Tell we.

OLD BILL: Ole Man Rogan nuse to sell nigger in slavery time. Dat's wey he nuse to fishnin', an' every time he come for res' he come to Boggy Gut. Ole Man Rogan a man wid cuious ways. He ain't beat he nigger much, and he guin em plenty to eat, an' he bring 'em here in drove and he have 'em chain together, but he have cuious ways, an' he ain't have but one pleasure—ceppen fishnin'. He always buy ooman wid chillun, and ooman wid husband, and ain't nobody can buy from Ole Man Rogan mother an' chile or man an' ooman. He great pleasure been to part em. He always love to take er baby way from he ma and sell it, and take he ma somewhere else and sell her, and ain't luh 'em see one another again. He love to part a man an' he ooman, sell de man one place an' sell de ooman another, an' dat look like all Ole Man Rogan live for, an' when he ain't 'casion 'stress dat er way he been onrestless. He love to see a man wid he head bow down in 'stress, an' he love to see chillun holdin' out dey arms cryin' for dey mother, an' he always look satisfy when he see tear runnin' down de face of er ooman when she weepin' for her chile.

An' Ole Man Rogan die on Boggy Gut, an' ever since den he sperrit wander and wander from Boggy Gut to de river, an' wander 'cross de big swamps of de Congaree. Whether it be God or whether it de debil, de sperrit of Ole Man Rogan ain't git no res'. Some time in de night ef you'll set on Boggy Gut, you'll hear de rattle of chain, you hear a baby cry every which er way, and you hear a mother callin' for her chile in de dark night on Boggy Gut.

An' you kin set on de edge of Boggy Gut, an' you'll see mens in chains ben' over wid dey head in dey hands—de sign of 'stress. While you sets you see de sperrit of Ole Man Rogan comin' 'cross de big swamps. You see him look at de womens an' mens an' chillun, an' you see him laugh—laugh at de 'stress an' de tears on Boggy Gut, an' he laugh like he satisfy, but he ain't had no res'. An' he stay a minute on Boggy Gut, to de river 'cross de big swamps an' back again he wanders, on de edge of Boggy Gut.

THE TWO DUCKS

Dere was er ole man, you know, he had a daughter, an' he tell he daughter he had invited a preacher to he house, an' he say, "Daughter, I guine down to de train to meet de Reverand, an' bake two ducks an' leave em' dere for him; don't tech 'em." An' she said, "No, I ain't guh tech 'em." An' he go to de train to meet de Reverand, an' de gal taste de ducks, an' dey taste good, an' she taste 'em till she taste 'em all up.

An' atter de ole man come, he never look in de place wey he had de ducks, an' he went in de other room to sharpen he knife on he oil stone, an' de preacher was settin' in de room wid de gal. She knewed her papa was guine to whip her, an' she started to sniffin' 'bout it, an' de preacher say, "What is de matter, daughter?" An' she say, "Dat's is all de fault I find wid papa—papa go invite preachers to he house, an' go an' sharpen he knife to cut off both dey years." An' de Reverand say, "What is dat, daughter?" An' de gal say, "Yes, papa invite preachers here all de time an' cut off both dey years." An' he say, "Daughter, han' me my hat quick." An' de gal guin him he hat, an' he run out. An' she call her papa an' say, "Papa, de preacher got both de ducks an' gone." An' he run to de door an' holler to him an' say, "Hey, hey, wey you guine? Come back here!" An' de preacher answer him an' say, "Damned ef you'll git either one of dese."

An' he raise a dust de way he flewed down de road.

An' de ole tales tell you dat womens has always been sharper dan mens.

"THE CROW"

He set to preaching a text every night 'bout gainen sinners. And he was preaching several years and preaching one text, and said to the congregation, he says, "Sisters and Brothers, dey come and remark, 'Some people say you preach one text all of de time,' but when John was preaching on de river Jerden he didn't have but one text, and his text was, 'Repent an' be baptized,' an' dat was his one subject. Atter dat John would go preachin' an' preachin' until Jesus, the Master, come to him

to be baptized. An' my subject is one text, I don't preach but one text, Sisters and Brothers, and that is, 'Sinners, you want to find Jesus; go down below.' My subject is, 'You want to find Jesus, go down below.' " Old Sister answered him in the corner, " Yes, Buddy, dat is de way I fine him, I went down below." " Dat is what I say. My standpoint is, if you want Jesus, go down below! Go down below! "

And while he was preaching every night dere was a crow got familiar with de text, an' he flewed up in de loft over de pulpit, an' he heard him preachin' his text dat night, " Sinners, if you want to find Jesus, go down below! Go down below! " After de crow got familiar with it de crow flewed out de loft of de church an' lit on de altar an' turn he head one side an' look up at de preacher, an' say, " Go down below." An' de preacher went right down below. He jump over de altar an' de people screamed an' crowded one another, an' in getting away dey jumped out of windows, so dat dey get all mixed up under de quire in front of de door, an' de crow got frightened hisself an' flewed across the church an' lit on a old lady's shoulder, who could not get out, an' he look up in de old lady face an' say: " Go down below! " An' she said, " Do Bubber, I jest come here on a visit. Dis ain't my church."

An' atter that he change he tex'.

Irish Time

BY J. F. MACCABE.

Nineteen hundred and sixteen is now as important a date in Irish history as the famous "Ninety-Eight." To each there was a sequel. In the one case it was the Act of Union; and in the other, the birth of the Irish Free State. That this birth carried with it the partition of Ireland is a consideration which may, and indeed must be, noted—and left at that stage.

The sound of no guns heralded, later in 1916, another momentous event—the introduction into Ireland of Greenwich or Western European Time. Ireland merely set its clocks to correspond with those of Great Britain, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, France and the Faroe Islands. The clocks were put forward some twenty-five minutes, and few people took any particular notice of the event. Indeed, many rural dwellers at the time and since simply ignored the law, and refused to recognise the change, or even what is known as "Summer Time." Being conservative by nature, and agricultural or pastoral by occupation, they followed the movements of the sun. In this they were as much realists as were the habits of their cows and poultry, or the behaviour of the morning dew on their meadows. None of these cared what an untruthful clock said. But the railway companies did, and so there was much friction and confusion.

It must be agreed that this alteration amounted to positive mutilation of Irish Time. For a perfectly definite reason England was able to impose on a great portion of Europe the time of the meridian of Greenwich. Her maritime pre-eminence was so marked, and her Nautical Almanac so well prepared, that for a long time past even the French and other sailors have reckoned their position as east or west of Greenwich. It is true that even the English people might complain a little of the imposition upon them of Greenwich time, as that place lies so much on the eastern side of their country, but no grumbings on that score appear to be recorded. But in the case of Ireland things are quite different. We used to measure our time from the position of Dunsink, and that place is over twenty-five minutes slow on Greenwich. And as nearly all Ireland lies to the West of Dublin, there is much to be added to this considerable initial error. All the year round

the sun is slow on (*i.e.*, behind) our clocks, even in Dublin. And dwellers in North-West Mayo, Connemara, Kerry, and West Cork are so far to the westward of Dublin that at least another fifteen minutes have to be added to the original and deliberate error, so that their clocks are about three quarters of an hour behind the sun, and with summer time in operation the sun is nearly two hours behind the clock, a result which can only be described as somewhat absurd.

Some differences of opinion exist as to whether the Free State is, indeed, free. There can hardly be freedom which ignores the laws of space and time and the profound implications of these, to which we moderns have only recently awakened. And if we do decide to have our own time, from where should it be reckoned? It must be remembered that the ordinary clock or watch keeps, not true time, but a compromise. The motion of the sun appears to us to vary, and to meet this difficulty "mean" (that is to say, average) time is arranged for, and the variation of real noon and twelve of the clock does not form a discrepancy which could be called important. But to return to the point of reckoning. Greenwich is very far to the east of England. So also is Dublin as regards Ireland. Athlone may be taken as the centre of Ireland. An obelisk stands near the town, and is pointed out as the centre of Ireland. It is difficult to define the centre of any body so irregular in shape as Ireland, but the site of this obelisk can certainly be defended. And it is a fact that Athlone is a little to the east of the eighth meridian, and if time was reckoned from it, there would be a troublesome item of minutes and seconds to be remembered. Probably the line seven and a half degrees west of Greenwich would meet the case. It would put Irish Time exactly one half hour behind (or, if the advanced thinkers prefer, twenty-three and a half hours before) Greenwich or Western European Time. This line runs (approximately) through Malin Head, Lifford, Granard, Tullamore and Ballyvoyle Head, near to the entrance to Dungarvan Harbour.

In this question of time there are many considerations other than the fixed habits of cows as to their milking time, though these are important enough. It cannot be disputed that the imposition of "Summer Time" on Ireland was a definite invasion of our national habits of thought, work and outlook. It was, and is, the product of English town and industrial life. The English

cities and towns are swollen and overgrown to a degree that menaces not only health and comfort, but even efficiency. That all is not well with English industrialism is only too obvious. The public curses the coal miners for six months of inconvenience and heavy loss, but if that public only remembered how much suffering the miners have inflicted upon themselves, and the dogged way in which they carried on a losing fight, they would come to the conclusion that the miners and the English workers generally are profoundly dissatisfied with things as they are. They are groping to some dim goal, and their real intellectual leaders are striving towards a better distribution of property amongst the common people. Long before the Great War, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in that remarkable book, *The Servile State*, pointed out that modern industrialism was enslaving the working classes, and that even what appeared to be remedial legislative measures were but steps in the same lamentable direction. Mr. Belloc attributed our social distresses to the tremendous transfer of property which followed the Reformation and the confiscation of the Church lands. The guilds were destroyed, and the foundations of a somewhat soulless capitalism were laid. And now the capitalists no longer compete amongst themselves. Instead, they form Trusts, and the lot of the workmen threatens to become worse.

We here in Ireland have always talked about the development of industries as a panacea for emigration and our other ills. Now with a Tariff weapon in our hands, we are in a position to attempt to further our ideals in this direction. Let us hope that we keep a clear mind as to what it is we really want. Surely we should not borrow a foreign system that is visibly breaking down under its own weight, and that before our very eyes. For centuries Ireland fought bitterly against English methods and ideas. Have we clearly in our mind our own objective? The answer is probably that we have, however dimly. Compulsory Irish looks like a desperate policy. But if it is examined as the effort of a people who do not wish to be drawn down into the vortex of a seemingly sinking ship, it may then become a policy that is capable of being understood, however much it may permissibly be disagreed with. The greatest troubles of England to-day are contained in that terrible phrase of Nietzsche—"much too many live." The population of England is too great. The mobility given by modern trans-

port has revealed that fact. As long as the common people sat quietly in their slums, this overplus was apparent only in the austere pages of the reports from the Medical Officers of Health of Urban areas. And, of course, no one ever read these. In Ireland, on the other hand, we have not too many people, but too few, and these few grow less by emigration to countries where there exists a theory of life not in accord with either that of the old, gracious England, before it was largely spoilt, or that of the great men who have produced the *Book of Kells* and the Chalice of Ardagh. These things cannot be produced by mass-production methods. And neither can the carriers of the Evangel who from Ireland brought light into dark places in England and the Continent. They helped the building of some of those abbeys, which once were the jewels of England, both socially and architecturally. And there were always the Irishmen who would fight for an ideal, a king, maybe, whether he was a Stuart or a Bourbon.

But if we must have industries, let them be a development of our natural resources. We cannot, fortunately, emulate the Black Country of England. Here there is no coal. But there is the soul, and the deft fingers of those craftsmen that even now can produce wrought-silver better than that of other European capitals, and stained-glass carrying inspiration in colour and form. And, anyway, we grow much of our own food. Not enough, perhaps, but we are still a light to England, whose people only did that, and then even partially, at the time when her coasts were closely blockaded by German submarines.

And the beginning of all these things is, necessarily, our own Time Standard. In itself it is an indication of our separate, Irish entity. It would even influence our English commercial visitors. The fact of having to alter one's watch is a potent reminder of both physical realities and the eternal verities. It would also convenience our Irish cows and help our harvesters. This is no light cause, lightly put forward. The progress of human thought has always been continuous. The arresting of its stream has happened through catastrophe, but it is always only a temporary stoppage, and never an abolition, or even a permanent diversion. An inscrutable Providence orders things in that manner. A time of revolution is always followed by a period of rapid growth. Or, if the revolution be in a retrograde direction, decay, rather than

growth will follow. We in Ireland have had our revolution, politically. But we must keep step with the world-revolution which has taken place in thought. Over thirty years ago a great Irishman, one George Francis Fitzgerald, gave the first clue to an enigma so profound that it was called a conspiracy of the powers of nature to defeat the wit of man. An experiment showed a negative result, whereas human reason demanded a positive indication. The great Fitzgerald pointed out that a measuring scale in motion would be affected by its own motion. And out of his luminous explanation grew the work of Minkowski, Lorentz and Einstein. Relativity came to the world, and changed all fundamental conceptions of space and time. That there are many people who at the moment neither know nor care about these things is quite irrelevant. That we live in the "continuum" of a four-dimensional space makes no difference to the demands of the income-tax collector is true, but it is equally true that every advance in human thought reacts sooner or later on human conduct. And we cannot afford to play with our measuring instruments of space and time. Still less should we cause our clocks to tell a deliberate falsehood. Space, by itself, and Time by itself fade into conceptions as subjective as right and left hand. In the words of Minkowski himself—"Space, in itself, and Time, in itself, sink to mere shadows, and only a kind of union of the two retains an independent existence." So therefore let us blaspheme neither space nor time, but combine them for Irish purposes in the centre of Ireland.

Coleridge and Anster

MARGINALIA TO THE "LAY SERMONS."

BY M. J. RYAN.

I recently came across "The Statesman's Manual," 1816, and the "Lay Sermon," 1817, presentation copies to Dr. John Martin Anster, the translator of *Faust*. Apart from alterations and additions in Coleridge's hand, they are interesting evidence of Coleridge's attachment to Anster. They carry Anster's book-plates, and evidently came from Coleridge unbound, for some of the MS. is slightly cut into and pencillings are off-set.

Anster was born in 1793, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1810, took his B.A. degree there in 1816, and LL.B. and LL.D. in 1825, having been called to the Irish Bar in 1824. All that implies a fixed residence in Dublin, with, as we know, occasional visits to London. Coleridge lived in London, and it is strange that so little material evidence of their intercourse has come to light. The inscriptions in the books I have mentioned and the other references below involve an intimacy which must have been supported by correspondence.

It is not easy to say why no epistolary evidence is forthcoming, for even if we assume that all Coleridge's letters to Anster are either lost or unpublished in private hands—what became of Anster's letters to Coleridge? It is also strange that references to Anster's association with Coleridge and his coterie are so scarce in the letters and table-talk of the time. I will make a few references to this friendship before dealing with the books themselves.

Mr. J. D. Campbell, in his edition of the *Poetical Works* (Intro. cx.), states that he possesses a copy of Anster's *Poems* (1819), the first few leaves of which have been cut open and annotated by Coleridge.

Coleridge, in a letter to Allsop (*Letters*, etc., New York, 1836), p. 36, writes under date 17th November, 1821, as to his "anxiety to consult you on the subject of a proposal made to me by Anster, before I return an answer, as I must do speedily." This referred to a suggestion from Anster that Coleridge should deliver a course of lectures in Dublin.

He returns to it in a later letter to Allsop, p. 175, in which he says, "the thought of giving out my soul where you could not be present," [and this especially] "in conjunction with your anxiety and that of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman concerning my health, is the most efficient, I may say imperious, of the *retracting* influences as to the Dublin scheme."

He writes again to Allsop, 27th April, 1824, p. 231, "To my great surprise and delight Mr. Anster came in on us this afternoon, and in perfect health and spirits."

I have collated the MS. alterations in these copies of the "Lay Sermons" with the text of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge's edition, 1852, and I refer to it as DC below. For what it is worth I give the spelling, etc., *literatim* as in Coleridge's notes. Both of these books have here and there light pencillings by Anster in the margins, precisely illustrating his own lines: (*Xeniola*, 1837, p. 77),

"The silent volume on thy table placed,
And in some favourite page, the myrtle-leaf,
Or the light line, along the margin traced
With pencil touches easily effaced."

"The Statesman's Manual," 1816, has on the title-page in Coleridge's hand, "John Anster, Esqre/ from S. T. Coleridge,"/ and on the fly-leaf preceding, "Haec tam parva dedisse sat erit, Anstere,/ siquidem meminisse mei tibi sat fuerint,/ S. T. Coleridge,/ James Gillman's Esqre,/ Highgate,/ August, 1821."/

On p. 12, after "substituted," line 6, Coleridge interpolates "We (it may be said) no longer live under a miraculous dispensation similar to that recorded in the Bible," and the following passage, "And if we think the Bible less applicable to us on account of the miracles, we degrade ourselves into mere slaves of sense and fancy," he changes to, "But whoever thinks the Bible less applicable to us on this account, degrades himself into a mere slave of sense and fancy." The original text stands in DC.

Note (b) on p. 12 is corrected to (c), and (c) on p. 13 to (b) by Anster, in pencil.

On p. 15 Coleridge deletes at lines 12 and 13 "the true citizens of the world, the Plusquam perfecti of patriotism," and italicizes in the following lines "philosophical" and "enlightened." The original text in DC.

On p. 21, line 15, Anster queries "wisest" for "widest maxims of prudence." DC retains "widest."

On p. 22, fifth line from end, Coleridge writes, "Note to the last five lines of this page. Whatever things may be comprized in the same definition in all essential points, differing only in degree or circumstances, are things of the same Sort—ejusdem generis. And vice versâ, Things the essential characters of which require, viz., those of each a different definition [*sic* in ms.], are of diverse kinds, Now begin with the acts and functions of the Stomach of a Caterpillar. We call the acting principle in this case THE VITAL POWER. What does it do? How must we define it? It is a *power*, that *selects and adapts appropriate means to proximate ends*. Next, take the Caterpillar itself as employed in seeking and taking its food, or the Butterfly finding a nidus for its eggs. *This* we call INSTINCT. What is this? *A power of selecting and adapting appropriate means to proximate ends—according to circumstances*. Thirdly, take any of the numerous, I had almost said the innumerable anecdotes of the Dog, or of the Elephant, or the [*sic*] or (perhaps the still more striking facts recorded of Ants by Küber [Huber?] or the Termites by Smeaton, [Smeathman?]) Do what you will, you cannot deny their possessing a faculty for which there is no other word than UNDERSTANDING. And what does this power do? How must it be defined?—Turn over—A power of selecting and adapting fit means to proximate ends—according to *varying* circumstances. But these additions to the common definitions are themselves peculiar to the power so defined in the degree only: for even in the Stomach both the materials & the act must in some measure depend on circumstances, and those circumstances cannot always be the same. Thus then it is evident, that 1, VITAL POWER, 2, INSTINCT, and 3, UNDERSTANDING are Powers of the same kind, and differing only in the degree of the Power, and the extent of the Sphere within which it is exerted—Lastly—apply this Definition to the Reason? Not one word fits!—Reason knows nothing of means for ends. Who would dream of the radii of a Circle being the *means* selected and adapted to the circumferences? In Reason, it *is* or it is not—& what is, is at once and for ever.—Define Reason—It is that [which enables the mind, or that, *struck out*] in the mind which from individual (or particular and contingent) facts and forms concludes universal, necessary and permanent

Truth—Compare this Definition with the former—and the diversity [of, *struck out*] and transcendency of the Reason from and over the Understanding becomes evident———S.T.C.” Not in DC.

On p. 29, line 3, Coleridge corrects “coincident” to “coincidentunt.”

Page 37, lines 6, *sqq*, definition of Symbol, marked by Anster : he refers to it in his *Faust*, 1835, xvi, thus : “I use the word “symbol” in the sense in which it has been used by Mr. Coleridge. A symbol ‘always partakes of the reality which it renders intelligible.’ (*First Lay Sermon*, p. 37). The passage from which I quote is one which, with reference to my present subject, I should not be justified in transcribing. Like every passage in the more serious works of that great and good man, it is one which, the more it is dwelt upon and received into the mind, the more important will it appear. The train of thought, in the passage to which I refer, is more fully exhibited in the ‘Aids to Reflection.’ ”

On page 49, lines 9, *sqq*, Anster writes, “It is worth noticing that this sweet passage is quoted in the Edinburgh Review with ridicule.”

Appendix, x, p. vi, on line 7 from end, Coleridge writes, “They dressed up a Courtezán in the costume of a Minerva, and under the name of the Goddess REASON and actually performed worship to her!!” Not in DC.

P. vii, on lines 18-23, “The perfect frame of a man John Bunyan,” Coleridge annotates, “was to have been printed as a Note.” DC has the original text.

“The Lay Sermon,” 1817, is inscribed, “To / John Anster, Esqre / with high esteem and / regard from / S. T. Coleridge—

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part

Forms the sad tale of many a worthy heart.” And Anster has written below “(July, 1821, J.A.)”

This couplet has a history. It was published as an isolated couplet in the earlier editions of the *Poetical Works*, and is repeated from them in the following form and setting in the “Chandos” edition, p. 91,—and, as far as I am aware in no later edition—why it was dropped out I do not know.

"A Couplet, / Written in a Volume of Poems Presented / by Mr. Coleridge to Dr. A. / A Highly Respected Friend, the Loss of Whose / Society he deeply regretted.

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart."

In the Oxford edition (by Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge), p. 410, another variant of the couplet stands at the commencement of the Poem "To Two Sisters—A Wanderer's Romance,"—

"To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part—
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

The poem is there stated to have been first published in *The Courier*, 10th December, 1807, presumably in the form last given, with the signature SIESTI, and first collected in the *Poetical and Dramatic Works*, 1877/80, though it had appeared identically as last quoted in the *Poetic Works*, 1834, 1844 and 1852, at the beginning of a poem, "On taking leave of 1817."

Inserted in this volume is an autograph note from Mrs. Gillman, at the foot of which Anster has written, "Sent me by Mrs. Gillman, October, 1859, J. A." The note is a quotation of some observations by Coleridge—whether published or not I am not aware—"On Papacy." It is: "When I contemplate," says the late S. T. Coleridge, "the whole system, as it affects the fundamental principles of morality, the 'terra firma' as it were of our humanity, & then trace its operations on the sources and conditions of national strength and well-being & lastly consider its woeful influence on the innocence & sanctity of the female mind, & imagination, on the faith & happiness, the gentle fragrantcy & unnoticed ever present verdure of domestic life, I can with difficulty avoid applying to it what the rabbis fable of the fratricide Cain after the curse that the firm earth trembled wherever he strode & the grass turned black under his feet." In Mrs. Gillman's hand, "If you have not seen these lines perhaps they may give you pleasure, & also you may recognise in them the well known spirit of our old and revered friend, S. T. C."

The following corrections and additions are in Coleridge's hand:—

P. xxiv, line 4, "semblance" for "form." DC has "shape."
On page 8, line 1, "Demagogues that cause the people to err,"

Anster has written, "Mr. Coleridge's own translation of the passage—the word demagogues was not in use at the time the Bible was translated—See Milton, *Eiconoclastes*, Prose W., Vol. 2, 427, Symmons' Edition."

Page 16, the passage from "If then to promise practise Hypocrisy," is marked with a cross at beginning and end by Coleridge, and a waved pencil line by Anster.

Page 20, Coleridge has drawn a line through the passage from "I feel, my friends . . . with lying words," and has written *δ* in the margin. Not deleted in DC.

On page 26 Anster writes, "See Essay on Taxation in the 2nd Volume of the Friend [where *struck out*], from which a great part of this discourse is repeated."

Page 49, line 3, "on" corrected by Coleridge to "an Earth." "an" DC.

Page 55, line 15, "Oneness," altered to "Sameness" by Coleridge. "Sameness" DC.

Page 78, line 14, note by Anster, "In Quarles' Emblems, page 294, a fine passage occurs of which this in Coleridge—though wholly different—reminds me strongly."

Page 79, line 7, "Surely to every good and peaceable man . . ." Anster notes, "Milton's Reason of Church Government, etc, Book 2d, Introduction."

Page 82, at end of quotation, "could do but little good." Anster has, "Berkely—Siris."

Page 108, lines 12, *sqq.* Coleridge's note, "'I have lived to woeful days,' said an Argyleshire chieftain to us in 1788: 'when I was young, the only question asked concerning a man's rank was how many men lived on his estate—then it came to be how many black cattle it would keep—but now they only ask how many sheep the lands will carry.' E[?] Rev. No. 201 [?]." No note in DC.

Page 114, Anster's note on last lines, "See an important note in Morley & Coote's Edition of Watkins' 'principles of conveyancing.'"

Page 132, Coleridge has drawn a line in the margin to emphasize the passage as to "the ultimate cause of our liability to distresses like the present," which he finds (in the text) to be "the vast and disproportionate number of men who are to be fed from the produce of the fields, on which they do not labor." No remark in DC.

The Lake Isles of Connemara

BY PATRICK KELLY.

An English newspaper has it that the Irish Free State Minister of Lands and Agriculture intends to reclaim one thousand acres in one district of Connemara, to divide the reclaimed land into farms of ten acres each, and to give to every one of one hundred people a ten-acre farm. There will be a house built on every farm. Either the English are a stupidly imaginative people or W. B. Yeats is a master prophet.

I hold that W. B. Yeats is one of the greatest poets writing in the English language, and in saying this I am merely stating what amounts to a truism. In other words, W. B. Yeats is a dangerous man. He himself does not know that he is a dangerous man, and therefore he is all the more dangerous because of this ignorance. When he wrote the *Lake Isle of Innisfree* he troubled the music of the four winds. Certainly he troubled the mind of Ireland. He upset the delicate balance of individual and collective sanity. He caused sober men to wander forth in search of sound and colour when they ought to be, in all common sense, searching the bogs of Ireland for black turf and the high hills for lone trees suitable for firewood, in anticipation of a possible coal strike in England. He gave a weight of importance to the wings of the linnet and the song of the cricket out of all proportion to exact truth and the true effects of natural music and of the winging of small birds in the summer dusk. He nationalized the bee, an exploit which, in view of Napoleon's failure with the French bee, is little short of marvellous. He gave the jerry-builders an excuse for the things that they do and do not. He caused simple, hard-working folk to long for an atmosphere of twilight and sweet sounds—a thing entirely beyond the reach of anybody except a millionaire. Finally, he played the very devil with the imagination of the Free State Minister of Lands and Agriculture—if what the English say is true. W. B. Yeats was addressing the world as a poet when he wrote the *Lake Isle of Innisfree*, and now we have the spectacle of a highly respected legal practitioner attempting to translate the poet, not into one reality, but into one hundred.

Still . . . I don't know. Standing out from this new scheme and looking at it with closed eyes (which is not an impossibility), it is not without a certain element of sublime grandeur. Its simple arithmetic alone is distinctly beautiful. It transcends the

famous arithmetic of Cardinal Mazarin. An area of one thousand acres divided into one hundred rectangular figures of ten acres each. Those hundred rectangular figures forming as a whole a giant figure as impressive as a circle of Gobi. The decimal system applied to land. Ten multiplied by one hundred. One hundred divided by ten. . . . Order taking the place of chaos. Land rescued from drowning, resuscitated and set upon its legs. The twentieth century overcoming the accumulated savagery of many earlier centuries. The east rolling in upon the west. The oblique line of Frederick altered and made to serve the purposes of civilization. The wedge of Gustavus Adolphus driven into the desolation of Connemara. The trochylus building its nest in the mouth of the crocodile. Vauban rescued from his subterranean galleries, and re-adjusting his angles and figures in the interests of peace. The fort of St. Bard dominated. The submarine estate of Colonel Nolan an actuality. The poet Yeats translated into action. The ear-ring of Cleopatra removed from the vinegar. The Low Countries invaded. The Celtic Twilight disbanded. The Abbey Theatre demolished. The playboy of the western world disinherited. The fairies discouraged. The will-o'-the-wisp scattered. The winter night disarmed. The north wind delayed. Light where there was darkness. Poetry made subservient to prose. A rule of Court written in blank verse. The swashbuckling Cambronne hurling defiance at General Hill. Somnambulism annihilating the Prussian. Joan calling on Glassdale to surrender. Lefebvre entering Danzig. St. Cyr laying aside his fiddle and bow and taking up his bow and arrow. The stars checked in their courses. Dirty work at the crossroads. The waterhen an outcast. The wind deserting the reeds; the reeds deserting the wind. The eighth wonder of the world accomplished. Frederick emulated. . . . And this brings us to Frederick again.

Frederick the Great was not only the greatest military commander of his day, but also the first farmer. What he didn't know about practical farming need never be written down in a book, because the book wouldn't be worth reading. He may be said to have invented eggs and the grading and packing of eggs. He was a true expert in turnips and a master of manures. He had very little love for swans (the swan is not precisely as stated), but he delighted in watching ducks on a pond. Indeed it is well known that he had some twenty duck ponds in the

grounds of Sans-Souci. He knew that duck eggs were good to eat. But the weight of his genius as an agriculturist lay in his knowledge of how land might be reclaimed. He knew the business of reclaiming land far better than did the old Von across the border. In his youth he was something of a poet (indeed Voltaire once praised his verses), and he was always an excellent performer on the tin-whistle. Had he not been Frederick the king, he might have wandered through Ireland as Goldsmith wandered through Europe, and made a living from fair to fair playing the deathless melodies of his native land. Anyhow Frederick's method of reclaiming land had something to do with music. He used to sit on a hillock dressed after the manner of a tramp, playing on his tin-whistle (the simple and kindly peasants declared that he was really charming the land from sterility to arability) and watching his beloved subjects working hard in heat or cold, wind or rain, and according to plans which he himself with his own royal and firm hand, had drawn up most carefully and with every attention to most minute detail. But if one of those beloved subjects, in the course of his hard day's toil, as much as attempted to look crooked, the oblique glance of Frederick (the mathematician who invented the oblique line in battle formation) at once fastened itself on the unhappy scoundrel (any man who shirked his job under the grand tyranny of Frederick was always a scoundrel at the very least, just as the soldiers who served under the gentlemanly Wellington, no matter how they behaved, were never anything but the scum of humanity)—as if directed there by a sort of instinct superior to all watchfulness and all the surer for it, and Frederick, laying aside his tin-whistle with a sigh, took up his famous cane with a frown, and with many profound curses, whaled the lazy ruffian off the field—and if the others, his fellow-workers, as much as raised their heads to view the proceedings for even the fraction of a second, Frederick returned and dusted their jackets in such masterly style that they were never again in need of dusting, for the excellent reason that they were cut to ribbons. Such was the science, and such was the way, of the great king in reclaiming the barren soil of his dominions. But, of course, all this happened quite a long time ago, and it must be admitted that Frederick the Great was somewhat abrupt in his manner, and always became slightly irritable when he was interrupted in the playing of one of his favourite tunes.

Now if Frederick the Great, coming out of his palace of Sans-Souci in Dublin, and playing on his tin-whistle every day in the year for seven long years and seven days, and beating the workers in the resting intervals of German and Irish music, were to work night, noon and morn, he would not be able, for all his genius and for all his playing, to force or charm one solitary acre of Connemara swamp-bog into anything like productive land. Which is, like the ways of the heathen Chinees, peculiar.

The unreclaimed land of Connemara is irreclaimable.

If the English are not aware of this truth, or if Mr. Hogan is not aware of it, the people of Connemara are thoroughly aware of it, and signs on it, they always leave the impossible (in swamp-bog) most severely alone. . . .

The economic problem presented by the fascinating Connemara is not insoluble. To be sure, there is not in Ireland at the present moment any man equal in intelligence to Frederick the Great. We have many clever men, we have a small number of able men; we may have one or two men who might be called brilliant; but we have not—at least not in public affairs—even one man of real intelligence. And it is well known that the combined ability of, say, one hundred men, does not amount to the power of one man of intelligence. But for all that, it would not require the genius of Frederick to rescue Connemara from its present state of half-poverty. One sane person, with the gift of observation, with what is called vision, and who had cast out of his mind and out of his life all the doctrines of the economists and all the economics of the doctrinaires—that is, if his mind ever knew such nonsense—who had burned his books upon tactics as the youthful General Bonaparte advised the Austrian commanders to do—one such man with a Ford car at his disposal, with a talent for saying things in English while meaning them in Irish, would be able, within the time of a moon, clouded or cloudless, to tackle the job successfully and put an end for a quarter of a century at least, to the green problem of depression in Connemara. It might be well to insert an advertisement in the Dublin papers stating—well, the usual statements. Competent man wanted, and so on. The right man for the job would probably turn up within twenty-four hours. I offer this as a suggestion in the hope that it will not be carried out. Hoping so, it may possibly be carried out. Dreams, according to Rory O'Moore, go by contraries.

The reclamation of land is something that must be done in the grand manner and on a grand scale. It is a slow process ; it is a tricky business, if you like, which defies lines and angles, and it is not even distantly related to the decimal system. You cannot say to an engineer : Take one square mile of swamp or bog, the sides measured to the eighth of an inch, boil it down on water and the juice of a lemon, add whatever is necessary in the way of sugar, pepper or poteen ; stir repeatedly, and ask Patsy Murphy to taste the mixture while he is waiting for the two-o'clock to leave the station. The engineer would laugh at you. This is the reason that I am suspicious of Mr. Hogan's plan for the rejuvenation of Connemara as set forth in an English newspaper. The thing is too—too altruistic. And it has a quality of rigidity which is almost alarming. It amounts to fighting a battle within fixed lines and according to a fixed plan. It is the possible superimposed on the impossible. It is ten multiplied by ten, with no margin for accident. It is the demanding of an exact quantity of radium from one ton of pitch-blende. It is not exactly nonsense, but it is that which lives next door.

A time will come—must come—when some man or group of men will set about reclaiming the waste land of Ireland, irrespective of its religion or politics, but the time is not just yet. Indeed it may even be many, many moons away. . . . Of course, there is no sense in pessimism, but then optimism is quite as bad. One is as much of a fairy tale as the other. The bad fairies and the good fairies as discovered by Lady Aberdeen in the Wasted Island. Napoleon was hardly ever optimistic, hardly ever pessimistic, and it is generally conceded that he knew a fair share about the world and the ways of men, not to mention what he knew about land. . . .

Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria, was not what might be called a genius, but he had a lot of what the Americans call horse sense (incidentally, he was the original owner of the famous America Cup—at least he caused it to be manufactured, and the English yachts lost it to the tramp yacht *America*)—Prince Albert once said that great reforms which must ultimately come to pass should never be dished out with a small spoon. He was speaking at the time, I think, of the Irish Question (I do not say that the words I have used were those actually used by the gentleman, but I am giving you the sense of what he said, and that's

good enough). Now the reclamation of the waste lands of Ireland would be nothing short of a great reform—a business which must, sooner or later, come to pass—and, therefore, to begin with a spoon in Connemara is altogether wrong. It seems to me that I have heard somewhere or other that the Minister of Lands and Agriculture had a scheme for translating the Irish-speaking people of Connemara into English; that is to say, digging them from the rocks and bogs of Connemara and replanting them in the green fields of Roscommon or Meath. A very nice scheme indeed; a most praiseworthy scheme if it were clearly typed, printed, and the galleys corrected. For my part, I would be most happy to meet a man from Carna on the hill of Tara or in the shadow of the hills of Oran. We would go to the nearest inn and sit and talk of old times and the people that we knew and loved in the dear far away land from whence we were exiles. We would talk of dawns and sunsets, of goings and comings to and from America, of the smell of the brown bog in the summer dusk, of the moon on the swift-flowing water of the mountain streams, of the woodbine heavy on the night, of the pale stars of the Morning Glory in the green of the wayside briars, of a thousand things that we had left behind us over the hills and far away. Ultimately, after the seventh glass, we would both arise and go to Connemara.

Now all this—all this dreaming of mine—seems to be knocked on the head, and I must only seek out the Carna man sitting on his five-multiplied-by-two territory, lone and formidable as the very Sphinx (but not quite so silent), sighing for the lost civilization of the swamp, wondering why the crickets refused to come with him to his new home, and cursing the Congested Districts Board in unconscious and indirect emulation of the American who voted consistently for Garfield long after that statesman had gone to his last home. . . .

No matter. . . . It is just as well to seek to reclaim some of the land of Connemara. A few members of the only true aristocracy on the face of this worn-out planet will benefit by the experiment. A simple child, lovely as the morning star, and smiling back on the angels will be all the happier because her father or brother is cutting a drain in a swamp or hammering a hillside into submission.

Mr. Hogan is probably right, and I probably wrong.

Consciousness and Sleep

BY WILLIAM FEARON.

Every person of intelligence is an amateur hypnotologist, and has sought at some time or other the means of promoting or terminating sleep, and the explanation of the intervening experiences. Nevertheless, amazingly little is known of the condition. No discoveries have yet been made which throw any direct light on the mechanism of sleep. Physiologists are vague; physicians are content with the means for producing sleep, although most of their reagents are empirical, and some are older than the pyramids. It is from the psychologists, who have been interested in sleep since the days of Herbert Spencer, that the chief contributions have come, including the most complete account of the *physiology* of the condition at present available.

A few nomads have penetrated into the abyss of the sub-conscious, and have returned with tales of the terrors that dwell therein; but many people prefer to regard their discoveries as shadows cast by the distorted lamps of the observers.

The importance of sleep both to the individual and to the race is unquestionable. That silent realm may well have been a spiritual Mesopotamia: a birth-place of religion and of art. It may even now retain the key to the problems of human consciousness and the mystery of insanity, which is only less mysterious than the mystery of sanity itself.

The Nature of Sleep.—Sleep is a periodic condition of relaxed consciousness, and is found in all higher forms of animal life. Its occurrence is not easy to recognise in lower organisms, although many of these show phases of activity and rest.

This relaxation of consciousness is brought about by the physiological mechanism of sleep, which is "a suspension of the sensori-motor activities that bring the organism into relation with its environment" (*Piéron*). The condition is characterised by a reduction in general muscle tone, and a loss of equilibrium; by the cessation of spontaneous activity; by the rising of the threshold of reflex irritability, and by the complete absence of critical reactivity, which normally involves analysis of sensations.

That is to say, the sleeper is guarded within and without. Sleep has not only built a barrier round about him to protect

him from the assaults of the world ; inside that barrier he lies drugged and helpless.

The Origin of Sleep.—Sleep is the child of Night ; and is associated with the absence of the sun. Hence, sleep may be a remote inheritance from a past where immemorial man, unable to work in the darkness, and as yet incapable of independent thought, subsided into an unconscious condition owing to entire lack of ideas ; just as people in the country “ get up early because they have so much to do, and go to bed early because they have so little to think about.”

If this be true, sleep is a mere habit, and more extravagant than shaving (the necessity for which could be easily removed by science, were it not for the fear all men have that some day they may need beards). Modern civilization is driving night from the cities, under the artificial illumination of which a race may yet arise that has never seen the stars. Even so, it is reasonably certain that some hours of the total day must be spent in unconsciousness if the nervous system is to maintain its integrity.

Sleep may be regarded also as a rhythmic process inseparable from the life of the individual, and comparable with the refractory or resting phase of the heart that occurs between the beats, with the difference that the cerebrum sleeps normally once in the twenty-four hours, whereas the human heart has its brief nap about seventy times a minute.

The Immediate Cause of Sleep.—Sleep being a biological event, its study comes into the field of normal physiology ; the apparatus immediately concerned is the higher nervous system. If the chemical and physical changes taking place in brain were understood, as one day they will be, the mechanism of sleep would be revealed. The structure of the brain is known in outline, the biochemistry of consciousness is unexplored. We can investigate the changes in the composition of a muscle before and after contraction, and these changes can be correlated with the force and duration of the contraction ; but it is not yet possible to refer the chemical process of the brain to the thought processes which accompany them. If we could do so, college examinations would become obsolete, and, instead of the foolish propounding questions that the wise cannot answer, a candidate's intellectual

equipment would be measured and expressed in definite physical units.

The most comprehensive study of the physiology of sleep is probably that of Henri Piéron (*Le Problème Physiologique du Sommeil*, Paris, 1913), which is furnished with a splendid bibliography of sixty pages. Since then, work has been done by occasional investigators, of whom the most important is Kleitman (*American Journal of Physiology*, 1923-1925), who has made valuable observations on the effects of experimental insomnia.

It is not easy to classify the various speculations on the cause of sleep, partly because many of them overlap or are complementary. For example, a nervous stimulus may operate by liberating chemical hypnotics; a chemical hypnotic may function by acting on a nervous mechanism.

Speculations may roughly be grouped into *physiological* theories, which seek to explain sleep in terms of the physical and chemical changes underlying the conscious process; and *psychological* theories, which look for the cause of sleep in the nature of consciousness itself. Only the former will be discussed here.

Physiological Theories of Sleep.—These are chiefly neurological and biochemical.

(1) Nerve-exhaustion theories, according to which the various ganglia in the central nervous system become fatigued, and ultimately switch off the stream of sensations at one point, just as we switch off the light by breaking the circuit at one place when we no longer wish to see our surroundings.

There are many modifications of these theories, in which special importance is ascribed to monotony of stimuli and absence of voluntary movements in reducing the cerebral traffic of sensations.

Howell considers that the vaso-motor centre is particularly liable to exhaustion, and, consequently, the blood-pressure falls below the value necessary for the maintenance of consciousness. Howell is supported by an early claim of Mosso that the brain is anaemic during sleep; but this is denied by Shepard. Kleitman was unable to detect any loss of tone in the vaso-motor system after a hundred hours of wakefulness.

(2) Biochemical theories ascribe sleep to the presence of fatigue products in the blood-stream, which either act generally on nerve cells, or locally on particular centres. The most interesting of the many substances that have been claimed to work in this fashion is Piéron's unisolated body, *hypnotoxin*, which is supposed to be developed during intense activity of the nerve centres, and to cause sleep by a reflex inhibition of those centres, and not by a general action on nervous tissues.

According to these attractive theories, we brew during the day the potion which composes us at night, and when it is used up we awaken to the task of manufacturing it afresh.

The Oxidation Hypothesis of Consciousness.—The most characteristic part of sleep is the complete loss of consciousness that marks its onset. If, now, we approach the whole subject from a different aspect, and seek to find the nature of this conscious process which disappears, it becomes possible to generalise the phenomena of sleep, and to reduce the various theories into a simple form.

Consciousness is an ultimate fact of our existence, the very substance of experience, and, in consequence, is incapable of definition. Something is known, however, of the physiological conditions underlying consciousness.

To begin with, consciousness is intimately associated with the intense metabolism that occurs in the brain. This metabolism, like that found in the other tissues, is oxidative in character; and, as a first approximation, we may say that *consciousness is a function of the oxidation occurring in higher nervous tissue*. It is not a material substance like carbon dioxide, which also is produced, but, in as far as a comparison may be sought, resembles the light given out by a burning torch. It has not yet been found possible to measure consciousness, or express it in terms of energy units. Nor has it been found possible to express light in terms of the accompanying oxidation. The same amount of energy appears to be transformed whether the material blazes brilliantly or burns dimly, provided it be all consumed. A molecule of sugar gives out just as much heat energy when it flashes in a firework star as it does when it oxidises silently and without light in the body of a spectator. Thus it follows that we are not justified in considering the manifestation of consciousness to be

independent of energy transformations merely because we are not able to correlate energy changes in the organism with changes in consciousness. Each afferent nerve impulse flashes across our mental life like a rocket, and from its sparks fresh rockets are ignited, and so the dark background of oblivion is continually illuminated by the innumerable experiences which make up our waking consciousness.

At night the oxidation rate in the brain is reduced below a critical value, and consciousness ceases. The central nervous tissue is still consuming oxygen, but, like a banked-up fire, it glows and does not flame. Death is the complete extinction of the fire, and is brought about by any circumstance which deprives the brain of its oxygen supply for about half a minute. "Life is a pure flame, and we live by an invisible sun within us."

" And by the flame there sits
The weaver of the wits,
The framer of a never finished plan.
The fevered gnome, the hosts
Of ever-changing ghosts,
The mocking flame, the shadowy hall, these are the
mind of man."

This oxidation hypothesis of consciousness has, as yet, no definite biochemical foundation, although this is chiefly due to a general lack of investigation, and not to contradictory results already obtained. It serves, however, to explain many of the theories of sleep by referring them to a common effect. The oxidation occurring in the nervous tissue, as elsewhere, is determined by three factors: (1) the anaemic factor, which alters the amount of blood supplied; (2) the anoxaemic factor, which alters the quantity of oxygen in the blood supplied; (3) the chemical factors, which directly affect the oxygen uptake by living tissue. (For an account of anoxaemia, Dr. J. Barcroft's Address to the Physiological Section of the British Association, 1920, should be consulted).

Any one of these factors operating suddenly will cause loss of consciousness. Examples of the first factor are the lowering of blood-pressure during repose, and, conversely, the wakefulness due to increased heart-beat.

Examples of the second factor are less obvious. The anaesthetic effect of certain gases, such as ethylene and nitrous oxide, may be due to the reduction of the available oxygen rather than the presence of the foreign gas in the blood.

Examples of the chemical factors are the hypnotics and narcotics used in pharmacology, and, conversely, the antihypnotic effect of such drugs as caffeine.

It is probable that natural sleep is due to a combination of all three factors, any deficiency in one being compensated for by an increase in the others; the ultimate effect of all the factors being to determine the rate at which oxygen is transferred from the haemoglobin of the blood to the acceptor substances in the nerve cells.

The Invocation of Sleep.

“ If sugred slepe (devoide of dreames)
 thou likes to enjoie :
 Then live with little : and beware
 no cares thy hedde anoye.”

By lying down, the general blood-pressure is automatically reduced; few people, except venerable asthmatics or overworked sentries, can sleep in an upright position. Lowering of blood pressure conduces to cerebral anaemia. This is compensated for when we stand upright, otherwise we should faint on rising from our beds, and civilisation would move on all fours.

Cold feet are antagonistic to sleep. It is supposed that the process of warming them up diverts blood from the opposite end of the body. Certainly, an ample meal will promote sleep, probable because the portal system becomes engorged with blood; but the resulting digestive disorders tend to beget nightmares.

“ See stomacke thine be not surcharged,
 when slepe thou wouldest gaine.”

Quiet surroundings are almost essential for sleep, or, failing these, a uniform stimulus—“ which may benum the senses; . . . as a gentle noise to some procures sleep, so silence, in a darke roome, and the will itselfe, is most available to others.”

Vigorous thought is an effective agent in retarding sleep, and the more nimble the intellect the harder it is to keep it on

the uneventful highway which leads to repose. Insufferable eupeptics who boast that no sooner has their head reached the pillow than they are asleep might temper their vanity by the reflection that there is probably as much in the one as there is in the other. All the same, many people of exceptional mental ability have developed a knack of going to sleep at once when they wish. This is said to have been so with the greater Napoleon, and also to be possessed by Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. George Russell considers this to be due to the power of taking the waking consciousness into the dreaming state, and by a continuous process passing from the things of day into the dominion of dreams.

"Can you give me a simple and safe prescription for sleeplessness?" the worn-out man asked the physician.

"There is nothing better," the physician replied, "than the old-fashioned plan of counting numbers. If you are not asleep by the time you get to six hundred, come and see me again."

"That's no good," said the man sadly. "Our baby can't count."

Counting numbers, enumerating phantasmagoric sheep, baling out water from an unsubstantial boat, inflating an imaginary balloon; all these have been advocated as inducing that suicidal starvation of thought which leads to unconsciousness.

The perusal of literature, at once ponderous in style and lucid in argument, is also helpful. Macaulay, I think, recommended Milton's prose as a sound hypnagogue; later readers prefer Macaulay.

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, wind and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water and pure sky;
I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
Sleepless."

Most people have an aversion from the employment of drugs to obtain sleep, partly on account of the fear that such agents may become permanent necessities, and partly on account of a dislike of the secondary effects associated with narcotics, chiefly of the morphine group. For this reason, as well as for the cause

of science, it is to be hoped that research will eventually succeed in isolating natural hypnotoxins. The prospect of being able to work as late as one wishes, and yet possess the means of obtaining immediate and normal sleep when one desires it, is not as remote as the prospect of the reduction of the income-tax to its pre-war figure.

Dreams.—The literature on dreams is much more extensive than the literature on sleep, and one might well be reluctant to add another brick to help the Tower of Babel to reach the clouds of confusion. A few comments may, however, be allowed, since they arise out of the foregoing speculations on the nature of sleep.

Modern theories of dreams probably date from Bergson's paper read to the French Psychological Institute in 1901. According to Bergson, the structure of a dream is built up from the "ocular spectra," "phosphenes," or points of light, which can easily be experienced by closing the eyes and gazing hard as if they were still open. Similar cascades of sparks are seen in visual fatigue and insomnia. They arise from self-stimulation of the optic nerve. Imagination, using these coloured spots as a palette, paints the inexhaustible scenes of sleep.

Bergson's theory is of note as providing a physiological basis for dream phenomena; but although it has been greatly revised by American psychologists, it has not contributed much towards the understanding of the nature of the dream in itself.

This subject has been exhaustively studied during the last quarter of a century by Sigmund Freud, who was the first systematic investigator of the *subconscious* process, that "persistent and active mode of mental functioning, alien, unacceptable and, above all, imperceptible to the rational mind." Freud's methods and conclusions are too familiar to require more than a reference. He regards the dream as the imaginary fulfilment of an unconscious wish. From the analysis of the dream information may be obtained about the nature of the unconscious desire. Freud's theories aroused particular interest during the war on account of their successful application to the treatment of war neuroses. By analysing a series of pathological dreams the existence of an underlying *complex*, or system of repressed wishes, could be detected, and treated by appropriate means. Dream analysis

was further developed by C. G. Jung, who built up a system of psychic therapy widely divergent from the original theories of Freud.

These investigations, though of permanent interest in the history of psychology, have not led to the results anticipated by many of their supporters. They have also been severely criticised by later workers, notably W. H. Rivers (*Conflict and Dreams*, 1923), who considers that dreams are attempts to solve in sleep conflicts which are disturbing the waking life.

If we regard sleep as the complete eclipse of consciousness a difficulty at once arises as to the manner in which we become aware of our dreams. This difficulty is usually avoided by assuming that consciousness ceases at the moment of going to sleep, and resumes activity in a modified form, the dream-consciousness, during the period of sleep. In this it may be compared with the operation of changing down from a high gear to a lower gear in an automobile: consciousness is the high top-gear, dream-consciousness is the lower gear; between the two exists a neutral region when the engine is not in mechanical union with the driving wheels.

On the other hand, there appear to be definite reasons for doubting if consciousness is active in any form during sleep, except in the intermittent stages of waking-up.

In spite of the colour and vivacity of many of our dreams, we very rarely confuse a dream experience with an event in natural life. Leibnitz sought to explain this as being due to the relative inconsistency of our dreams as compared with our waking experience. Another, and possibly better, explanation seems to lie in the fact that in the majority of dreams we have no sense of the present. Now, a sense of the present is at the basis of our sense of reality, and is inseparable from our experience of everyday life. Consciousness invariably dwells in the present, although memory may provide it with things of the past and hope with shadows of the future. From this it would appear that dreams are invented by the dreamer, in the moments of awaking, to explain changes which have taken place in the nervous system during the period of unconsciousness. This accounts for the familiar observation that the more interested we are in dreams the more expert dreamers we become. Students of Freud, Jung, and Rivers would explain this by saying that our powers of

observation become developed ; it is just as probable that our powers of creative imagination have developed also, and are able synthesize the dream more readily.

There are two forms of dream in which we are actually conscious of the present, that is to say, our waking consciousness exists in the dream state. In one of these conditions the effect of our consciousness is to make us aware at once that we are dreaming. This is usually, but not necessarily, a nightmare dream. The other condition is a very curious and imperfectly investigated one. In it the dreamer becomes conscious of a reality as intense as that of his waking experiences. He has a sense of the present ; but the dream setting is so vivid that he wishes to continue in it. It is this type of dream which is indicated in Du Maurier's novel, *Peter Ibbetson*, and also in an anonymous book, *The Dreams of Orlow* (London, 1913).

“ And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep :
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep.”

Anyone who has ever experienced one of these dreams cannot fail to recognise it. The occurrence is, however, comparatively rare, and, as far as I can associate it with any physiological process, appears to be related to the condition known as the Cheyne-Stokes phenomenon, which is due to a disturbance of the respiratory centre in the brain-stem.

Whether dreams are an indication of our powers of imagination, or a reflection of our dim subconscious personality, coming through the gates of ivory or of polished horn, happiest are they who dream least.

Book Reviews

COLLECTED POEMS. By Æ. (London : Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

I think the outstanding characteristic of the body of Æ's poetry is the sense it conveys of the spiritual world. Beside this, all its other excellences, and they are many, seem to me relatively unimportant. To realize Æ's kinship in these matters one must turn to the various sacred scriptures of the world. I do not wish to infer that Æ is a copyist or an adaptor. His individual outlook is too strong and coherent for that. And from even that school of thought he refers to in his poems he is continually breaking away, or using it merely as a philosophic basis for his personal outlook. It is rather in the direct inspiration that is so evident in his work that I seem to find his connection with the sacred writings. For there is a point of view, mysterious and ineluctable in itself, that lifts the mind above the complex futilities of material existence and sets the focus wherein the harmony of true being is discernible. And this is the attitude that a careful perusal of these poems will show is emphasized.

Of course this direct inspiration is not a quality the tangible mind can lay hold of. It comes in delicate rhythms, diaphanous, impalpable, in between the half-caught utterances of the ever-flowing. But of its reality no one who has once caught a stray breath can have the least doubt.

This central attitude of Æ is evident everywhere in his work. It can flame into a seraphic vision of ecstasy, as in a poem like "A Vision of Beauty," or in "Transformations," where, amidst a wealth of wonder, occur two of his most significant lines :—

"For lips laugh there at a beauty the heart imagineth,
And feet dance there at the holy Bridal of Love and Death."

It can be suffused with deep passionate thought where his philosophy transmutes itself into the sublimity of a high and glorified religion. And it flits incessantly around his delicate impressions of external nature in its enchanting multiplicity of form and colour. It lifts him into an exalted appreciation of the untold capacities of mankind, and it distracts him with fierce, almost anarchic, revolt when he thinks of the possibilities that humanity in its wilfulness or ignorance refuses to recognise and claim. And at times it fuses his imagination into such an even web of radiance, the poise and balance being so perfect, the interfusion so complete, that one can hardly distinguish the glow of the informing idea from the glow of the infolding form.

His work is a heritage and a possession that I fear we do not fully value. It rises to a height that our generation is almost incapable of recognising. It lives in the eternities. The eternal life imbues it with beauty, makes it strong and resonant, evoking and arousing long dormant faculties of our nature.

It is full of illimitable vistas, spaciousness and nobility, passing snatches of everlasting song, things incomprehensible seized for a moment, ecstatic joy, immense despair, and the compromise of human life perilously flickering on man's instinctive adjustment of himself to the stresses of the eternities.

And if at times it seems somewhat baffling and obscure, it is largely due to the fact that our minds are not accustomed to tread the altitudes where Æ is at home. Another explanation may be suggested, and that is its embodiment of

so much psychic vision. The reader's mind, fresh to this atmosphere, is often confused and enquiring, wondering where the poet is leading, and in what shape or form the poetic kindling will come. And yet those who have psychic endowments will thrill and respond to the vibrations unloosed, and will realise the wonder of the incarnation in words of the glory of the ethereal world that is all about us, hidden from us by the soddenness of our physical senses. Others should turn to those poems, in which spiritual intuition is robed in the majesty and nobility of universal law. And there they will find, as so many have already, that *Æ*'s gift is a vision of life that redeems us from littleness, releases imagination, and sets us pondering on the mystery of that divine dust which the breath of spirit streams into :—

“Starry words that wheel in splendour, sunny systems, histories,
Vast and nebulous traditions told in the eternities.”

* * * * *

LUIGI PIRANDELLO. By Walter Starkie, Litt.D. (London : J. M. Dent & Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

Luigi Pirandello, by Prof. Walter Starkie, is amazingly interesting, and one is correspondingly grateful to the author who has brought so profound a knowledge of literature and the drama to the task of explaining the literary personality of this now world-famous dramatist, who was yet unknown to the English-speaking public a few years ago.

Prof. Starkie explains how the knell of Romanticism and the “bourgeois” drama was sounded, and how the “Teatro del Grottesco,” originated by the Italian dramatist Chiarelli, prepared the way for the new drama of Pirandello, through whose instrumentality the ideas of the Grotesque Theatre, together with those of the Futurists have spread over the whole theatrical world.

The new drama is essentially intellectual ; Pirandello himself claims to have converted the intellect into passion. He is not inspired in the conventional sense, Prof. Starkie tells us, he has no gospel of progress, he deals in incredible situations and extraordinary characters, who are not homogeneous men and women because their creator is obsessed with the problem of multiple personality. He is also obsessed with the question of the difference between reality and illusion, and his thesis is that there is no one logic or truth, but that reality itself is relative. In his play *Henry IV.* the fundamental idea is that the conscious acting of the hero is more real than the unconscious masquerade of Society. The central idea of Pirandello's *Mirror Plays* is that a man does not see himself without a mask until a crisis arises which causes him to see his own image naked, stripped of all illusions and of all the trappings of the normal consciousness. After the horror of such a crisis there is nothing for the victim to do but to replace the mask as best he may, as there are things which a man may not face “except at the cost of death or madness.”

Pirandello is of his age, an age of doubting, of uncertainty, of criticism. Prof. Starkie calls his drama the drama of interrogation, and points out that his heroes are possessed by a demon of self-criticism. *Mattia Pascal*, a characteristic Pirandellian hero, struggles between conflicting ideas, and has no rest because he argues to himself about everything, until he is deprived of the power of action.

Mr. Starkie devotes a chapter to Pirandello, the Sicilian, and discusses his evolution from the Sicilian to the European dramatist, mainly occupied with intellectual and metaphysical problems. He writes absorbingly of Pirandello the novelist and short-story writer, and concludes with an intensely interesting chapter, in which he contrasts Pirandello with Bernard Shaw, and shows that in spite of a superficial resemblance they are fundamentally different: Shaw, the wit, who sees the consistency of things; and Pirandello, the humorist, who sees only inconsistency.

Finally, Prof. Starkie says that when the Pirandellian characters are forgotten the dramatist will still be remembered for his extraordinary humour made up of contradiction—a humour which sees men as the most ridiculous of creatures.

E. G. K.

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THE LAND WITHOUT MUSIC. By Oscar Schmitz. Trans. by H. Herzl. (Jarrolds. 12s. 6d. net.)

Impressions noted and recorded at different periods preceding and following the Great War, giving a German's opinions on English life and character. But, be it observed, this is no resentful attack on a hated rival by a powerful and unscrupulous opponent. No. We have here the courteous, dignified criticism of an observer, cultured and free from the paralysing influence of personal or racial prejudice and antagonism.

It has been said that in all personal criticism there is danger to the critic. To approve or to condemn implies, in the critic, a certain assumption of superiority to the person criticised. Whatever of this tendency may be in Herr Schmitz's personality, it does not obtrude itself into his book; *The Land without Music* is a moderate and dispassionate study of much that is well-marked in the life of the people subjected to his analysis.

And this freedom from petty prejudice and animosity, and the all-pervading quiet humour of the writer, make an agreeable and wholesome atmosphere in which to watch the play of the searchlight upon our near neighbours.

With a fine gesture, our author at times includes his other neighbours and traditional enemies, the French, in his comparison, and his courtesy and impersonal attitude never fail. And when we read his considered judgment on the value of the French language, we are conscious that, for years, we have been receiving information about sundry European foreigners, so impossible to reconcile with what Herr Schmitz is able to tell us, that we must be convinced of the truth of Griffith's simile of the newspaper wall erected by foreign politicians around Ireland—our allowance of well-seasoned news on the inside, and re-constructed news of Ireland for European consumption, on the outside. German sparrows do not wage a perpetual border warfare on French feathered relations, nor is the English sparrow superior to either of them; we were mis-informed.

In discussing the international values of individual languages, Herr Schmitz writes:—

Nothing is justly considered more ridiculous than, without reason, to speak a foreign language in your own country. French alone holds a position apart in this respect. In addition to being the language of the French, it is the language of the great world, of diplomacy. Everything, with the exception of true poetry, for which it is ill-suited, gains by being translated into French . . . Whoever has a command

of French gains in the power of expressing himself in his own language The more poetic German language, by reason of its over-richness and its heaviness, inclines to obscurity, and can therefore, never become an international language of science, let alone a world language. French . . . is neutral ground, and the most diverse nations can communicate with one another in that world language. There is the additional fact that in the French language conversation really has a certain charm which can be conferred by no other language.

Now let us look at a seemingly small point, which in reality is a plane in itself—the disposition of the mind towards culture. In this respect he says :—

Countless Germans are problematical natures ; to put it less courteously, one might say in slang “very many Germans are ‘cracked’ ” ; Englishmen, in spite of their amazing spleen are rarely “cracked.”

He is not altogether surprised that the English people have no National Opera. The reason, he suggests, may be found in the obsession of what is called “Sport,” which as play and exercise, “is glorious, but as a people’s chief hobby, is the negation of mind and of soul.” A philosopher once said—*What you dislike in another, seek for in yourself.* To my mind, it is lamentable that hundreds of thousands of pounds are spent in watching other people playing games, and that, for this reason, the English have little inclination to spend other money on the art that might put them in closer touch with their souls. And I think of Ireland and “Sport” ! Perhaps some day a physician of the mind may visit us, and write about *The Land under Enchantment*, in words that search inwardly ; and then let “loud-speakers” be fixed at each cross-roads, and let the story of our enchanted sleep be given to the ether—if we will not read nor listen, it may soak into our bones and penetrate to the very marrow, and we may awake.

Herr Schmitz did spend a few days in Ireland, but it was as a stranger, without a guide who could have shown him the Ireland of Griffith, Pearse, MacDonagh, MacSwiney and the Heroes. He only saw mean streets and mean people, and spent fruitless hours after dark looking for signs of the life of the people, which he might share as might an Irishman the public social life of Paris or Berlin. He drifted into poor streets, lit up only by public houses or tiny shops promising him Bovril and ‘minerals’ in discomfort. What he saw of Ireland is not worth mention, but, what does matter, he wrote of *The Irish Atmosphere*, and his observations are melancholy reading—to think that such a reek should be deemed our “atmosphere.”

This book is of interest and moment to Irish people, it will explain many of our problems, and give much food for thought in connection with our national life. Also it will show how a man may be convinced of his neighbour’s weak points, and yet may speak about them and preserve the dignity of all concerned. It is a book of personalities and yet is free from all the vices that personalities breed.

A. K.

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COLLECTED POEMS BY JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

“My dear Coleridge,” wrote Lamb in the dedication to the 1818 edition of his plays and poems, “you will smile to see the slender labours of your friend designated by the title of *Works*.”

We who live in the shock and speed of a “less leisured” day no longer smile,

are no more surprised when we are suddenly confronted with the collected works of one who but yesterday, it seems, was handing us a copy of a first book.

Yesterday, I say; and so it seems, and yet I am reminded by the date on the title-page of this finely-printed book that it is well nigh twenty years ago since its author and two or three other young people who were more interested in poetry than in anything else in the world, used to meet in a certain small room in the north side of Dublin to produce and read, discuss and criticise the lyrical output of those rare moments snatched from working hours; for in those times the nine or even the twelve hour day was not the exception but the rule. I cannot and do not claim for that little room the glorious associations, mermaid-tavern-wise, which others have claimed for such places of "small beginnings," but it was at least a place where "poetry was honoured" and a place which still holds memories for more than one poet of this day. No one in that room ever spoke of what he had written, but rather of what he had "got," for it was our belief (and even still I am inclined to think that we were right in our belief) that the air was bright with ideas, and that any one of our group equipped with a proper net could "bag" as many of them as anyone else. And there was no one of our circle who took a more rapturous pleasure in those captures than the author of *The Charwoman's Daughter*. Of that book, with all its wise and tender beauty, he had as yet given but little indication; but in those wonderful snatches of verse which, with all the glowing delirium of creation still about him, he used to pour out to amazed ears on Sunday mornings, and in his very reading of them there was, had we been only wise enough to recognise it, more than a foreshadowing of that quality which was to make the greatness of *The Crock of Gold*.

Amongst the "great number of poems" which "for the very best of reasons" Mr. Stephens tells us he has discarded in this collected edition are, I fancy, some which I have heard him in those early days declaim, and many others are scattered over the various sections of the volume; for he has wisely, as I think, arranged his work in "subject-sequence" (as Wordsworth did in his collected edition of 1815), and their familiar faces have sent my thoughts voyaging back across the twenty years that seem so short; but after all, there is not such a vast gulf fixed between the Stephens of to-day and joyous young hunter of 1908. Indeed, in the poem with which he concludes the book he tells, in his own delightful way that things are not so different after all.

When I was young
I dared to sing
Of everything,
And anything!
Of joy, and woe, and fate, and God!
Of dreaming cloud, and teeming sod!
Of hill that thrust an amber spear
Into the sunset! And the sheer
Precipice that shakes the soul
To its black gape—I sang the whole
Of God and Man, nor sought to know
Man or God, or Joy, or Woe!
And, though an elder wight I be,
My soul hath still such ecstasy
That, on a pulse, I sing and sing
Of Everything, and Anything.

And although some of his readers may miss the sweetness of those early pipings, Stephens has done well to omit them from his definitive edition, for the result of his discarding of the lyrics which do not satisfy his later and more fastidious taste is the production of a book which has in it less of "the earthward-drooping wing," more of the sustained and unfaltering flight of great lyrical verse than is to be found in any other of our present-day poets. Frankly speaking, (and for this I must blame the author of *The Charwoman's Daughter* and *The Crock of Gold*, and much other fine prose), this book has surprised me. Five years ago, with all humility I confess it, I would have been inclined to smile if someone had spoken to me of a "collected edition of the slender (poetical) labours of my friend," for I had forgotten, as indeed a good many others must have forgotten, that the author of the *Crock of Gold* was one and the same with the poet of *Insurrections*. But surprise was always one of the most effective weapons in the armoury of James Stephens. And indeed I am not at all certain that at this very moment he has not in readiness one more sensation for those who have tried to follow the meteoric progress of his imaginative career, for in the preface to the present volume, a fine and subtle piece of writing and "meet to be read" by all who work in lyric, epic or prose, he brings his argument to a close (and very much *more suo*) with the remarkable assertion that "the blank-verse form (as used by the epic poet) is incomparably the subtlest, the greatest instrument that literary art has evolved?" So who knows?

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MR. GILHOOLEY. By Liam O'Flaherty. (London: Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Gilhooley is a violent but not a vital book. The distinction is paramount. Mr. O'Flaherty flogs his theme and flings it at us. For he cannot distinguish between violence and vitality. Violence is quite different from vitality. Of vitality a novelist cannot have too much. Vitality forms and moulds itself into orderly shapes the mind can comprehend. Violence runs amuck, brings confusion and distraction, reduces human motive to a mechanism the mind cannot assimilate. It gives intensity instead of inspiration, penetration instead of understanding, and, in fact, revokes the whole order of natural creation. In Mr. O'Flaherty's case it also adds a ravenous glutting up of the ugliness and deformity of man's lower nature. And likewise a flashy outward vision of humanity that, coming in belches and spasms, drives back against the consciousness of the reader in a froth of fruitlessness and unreality. Mr. O'Flaherty might have made his book a wholesale indictment of the human race. For he has the talent for that. He might have spurned humanity—and with some reason—as a loathesome thing, utterly vile and defouled in all its lineaments. There would at least have been an heroic gesture about that. But he has concentrated on the personal tragedy of an individual, and in doing so has revealed his inherent weakness. For, having no true sense of tragedy in his own soul, he cannot share it with his puppet. The underlying tragedy of *Mr. Gilhooley* is that its aim is not achieved. To suffer and agonise one must have soul or mind. And Mr. O'Flaherty has not convinced us that Mr. Gilhooley has either. Apart from this *Mr. Gilhooley* is an extraordinarily able book. Isolated incidents in it stand out with the precision of undeniable mastery. There is also good writing in it, but writing that always falls short of the realization of essential literature. The royal road to illumination

alike in life and art, is through pity, sympathy and understanding ; and none of these qualities are conspicuous in *Mr. Gilhooley*. Through all its pages one longs for the unified vision of life that intuition brings, the quality that alone can bind a story into an organic whole, and of which, except for a few maze of stray touches in the conception of the girl Nelly, scarcely a breath wanders through the fabric of *Mr. Gilhooley*.

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THE CONNOISSEUR. Price 8s. 6d. net.

HENRY BROCKEN. Price 3s. 6d. net.

THE MEMOIRS OF A MIDGET. Price 3s. 6d. net.

By Walter de La Mare. (London : Wm. Collins, Sons & Co.)

Mr. De La Mare has a very distinctive manner in the handling of his stories. His prose is unimpeachable, but his method lends itself to diffuseness. At his best this is ignored because of the quality of his work. But it is a quality which resides more in his language than in the fabric of the story. And moreover, it is often difficult to catch. But when felt it brings with it a subtle undercurrent of delight and illumination. I do not find his peculiar charm very evident in *The Connoisseur*. The story which gives the title to the book is really a prose poem, and while, as a whole, its meaning is very elusive, there is no doubt about the excellence of the writing, which is elaborate and full of an almost exotic sense of beauty. "All Hallows" seems to me the best story in this book. Its idea is original, and though it is written largely in the monologue of which Mr. De La Mare is so fond, the inherent monotony of this style is here diversified and relieved by definite action. It is a fine imaginative piece of writing, in which conception and expression are woven into an indubitable whole, and with a delightful touch at the end. In "The Nap" Mr. De La Mare shows himself frankly human in the study of Mr. Thripp, a ledger-clerk, in his responsibilities as a father, and in "Pretty Poll" he has woven a very fantastic tale around an exceedingly gifted parrot. Mr. De La Mare seems himself to feel the deficiency of the style he mainly adopts in these stories, for more than once he shows the characters relating the tale as boring his listeners.

The reprints of his earlier prose works which Messrs. Collins are now issuing at popular prices are nicely produced books and will bring pleasure to many new readers who can appreciate the subtle delicacy and fastidiousness of his writing. There is an indefinable and enduring fragrance about *Henry Brocken* that he has perhaps never quite recaptured, and *The Memoirs of a Midget* is written with a wealth of sympathetic insight that is rare indeed in modern English prose.

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NURSERY VERSES AND DRAWINGS. Emile Jacot. (London : Noel Douglas. 2s. 6d. net.)

A whimsically entertaining book of nonsense rhymes, in which each rhyme is companioned by a quaint line drawing and border. One verse and drawing were found particularly satisfying by a small acquaintance of the reviewer. It tells of clouds, two large and one small, and drawn in a bundle of cumulus cloud. The rhyme is constructed on identical lines with a few of our Irish dance tunes—

you cannot finish up on the end of the tune, but must get back to the beginning and repeat until someone gets tired. Here it is:—

This cloud's Jerry,
That one's Joe,
The little one's called Jane.
It was the Man in the Moon
Who told me so,
And I'll tell you all over again:
This cloud's Jerry.

(And so on).

There is great entertainment for young or old in the very decorative drawings, and doubtless some of the rhymes will be very quickly added to the store of nursery rhymes that are now a traditional part of early childhood. A. K.

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GILLES DE RAIS: THE ORIGINAL BLUEBEARD. By A. L. Vincent and Clare Binns. (London: A. M. Philpot. 8s. 6d. net.)

The authors have spared no trouble in collecting the material for this chronicle of degeneration. It would, perhaps, be fairer to say that they must have taken immense pains to collect and arrange said material. It is apparent from the bibliography at the end, that over sixty books were consulted.

There is an Introduction by Dr. Hamblin Smith, Medical Officer of Birmingham Prison, whose views are not endorsed by the authors, who append a note to that effect. It might, perhaps, have found a more appropriate place at the end of the book, as an appendix. It is a psychological post-mortem inquest, and would be more appropriate after the account of the trial and execution of Gilles de Rais. As a matter of fact, the corpse is so very corrupt that the utility of disturbing the poisonous mass is not obvious. Although the authors have disowned the Doctor's opinions, he remains in the ship, right in the gangway as we go on board, so he is open to comments in passing. This is not a country whose inhabitants have no use for the idea of morality as one of the important factors and conditions of life, and who define Conscience as *the desire to live in accordance with what is approved by the general opinion of the time*.

It is pleasant to record that our authors do definitely range themselves on the side of "morals," for they truly remark that—

The problem of evil is not to be explained away by any psychological ingenuities. It will always remain an individual problem, to be fought by weapons not found in any laboratory or scientific text-books.

Our poor old dead Bluebeard—when the assizes open in Nurseryland, our authors will have to take their place in the dock alongside of the persons who say there is no Santa Claus. (This ghastly bag of remains, to have been dis-interred and dragged in and left on the library floor, in place of childhood's harmless bogey and Sister Ann).

And yet—there is a very fair gleam from out his past. I see the shimmer of bright armour and a fluttering war pennon, and the Maid of Orleans rides across the stage with her faithful companion-in-arms, who follows wherever she goes, free from the glow of passion, and caring only to protect a very brave and pure Maid—and it is the better self of Gilles de Rais. And only when she has

been deserted by her King, and wounded by the enemy, does Fate drag him from her side—the King peremptorily orders him to return to Court. He never more stood on those clear high levels ; after her death he plunged once more into the depths of his animal nature, and sank down until the days of his trial and execution.

There are brighter personalities in history that have not had the time and care spent on them that went to the making of this record. CIAN DRAOI.

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THE LITERARY LANDMARKS: DEVON AND CORNWALL. By Thurstan Hopkins. (Cecil Palmer. 12s. 6d.)

Here is a book which gives a readable smattering of facts and anecdotes concerning the great men who have been born in the West Country. For those who do not live in the west it may awaken an interest in the great wide hills, and those who live in Devon or Cornwall may quite well read and enjoy the superior sensation of knowing it all before. The birthplace of Drake, and the harbourage where Drake's small, protestant-manned ships set sail to defy the might of the proud inquisitors, alone provides material sufficient for a volume. There are two lengthy tales which could very well have been left out, and the style is here and there reminiscent of a garrulous charabanc guide. There are many photographs and line illustrations.

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TWELVE MADRIGALS. Designed, cut, and printed by David Graves. The Pear Tree Press. (50 copies only.)

"This book," says Mr. Guthrie in an introductory note, "is at once the prentice work of a young printer and an adventure by a young artist, who until some six months ago had done little except designs for painting and posters in broad masses of colour ; which studies suggested to his mind the use of colour in decorative conjunction with type."

That the prentice hand is evident it would be useless to deny, but with all its faults (indeed, perhaps by reason of some of them) Mr. Graves has given us a very charming and quite original piece of work and added one more to that series of rare and beautiful books, so eagerly sought by collectors, which has emanated from the Pear Tree Press.

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TRANSITION. By Edwin Muir. (London: The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Muir contrives admirably to keep his head in dealing with his galaxy of modern writers. And this is a feat not as easy to achieve as it seems. For new work, arising out of the stress of present-day life, is heady and intoxicating. Mr. Muir's outstanding merit as a critic is that he has a receptive outlook and brings well-tried principles to bear on his work. Take, for instance, his treatment of Mr. T. S. Eliot. In his introductory chapters he records the fact that "Mr. Strachey, of all people, has bracketed Shakespeare and Mr. Eliot together, evidently as poets of the same quality." Mr. Muir would never fall into this excess. He has too much restraint. His own estimate of Mr. Eliot is full of insight and judgment that commends itself to an unprejudiced mind. He sees the superficial originalities by which Mr. Eliot has dazzled the sophisticated intelligence, but

he does not allow them to blind him from their essential narrowness and triviality. In an equally commendable way he deals with Mr. Joyce, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Stephen Hudson, Mr. Lytton Strachey, Miss Edith Sitwell, Miss Virginia Woolf, Mr. Aldous Huxley and Mr. Robert Graves. It will be found a fascinating book to anyone interested in modern phases of English literature.

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ASPECTS OF SCIENCE. Second Series. By J. W. N. Sullivan. (London : Wm. Collins, Sons & Co., Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Sullivan translates the word "science" in a delightfully broad, and I think true, fashion. The old cramping ideas of a materialistic age are gone. No longer is man the humble plodder, seeking out mysteries beyond his reach. He has become not only the king and controller of the material universe, but its creator. "We are the law-givers of the universe," writes Mr. Sullivan. "It is even possible that we can experience nothing but what we have created, and that the greatest of our mathematical creations is the material universe itself." I do not demur, for the idea consorts kindly with something implacable within me. Mr. Sullivan writes sincerely and without affectation. He is also the essence of lucidity, and is bound to no particular school of thought. I can recommend this book strongly to any enquiring mind wishing to know a little about the trend of modern thought on the things that most intimately concern humanity at large.

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ENGLISH SATIRE AND SATIRISTS. By Hugh Walker, M.A., LL.D., D.Litt. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

An authoritative work, welcome to the student as another serious contribution to the modern tendency to study genre. The author has a scholar's instinct for tracing a "channel" of literature. He knows how to follow the stream through discouraging ground, and to dig deeply in pursuit of a mere trickle that shows him the direction of the flow. This instinct forearms a style against all the boredom of pedantry. We pant willingly over all sorts of country if we genuinely feel that the author guiding us has his eye all the time on the actual stream of satire, whereas if he is merely leading us chattily from one satirist to the next by smooth roads we have ample time to begin yawning. As is the case with all good work of this kind, Mr. Walker's general preoccupation does not diminish, but enhances, his particular criticisms. Individual writers seen thus emerging from the stream that binds them are apt to gain something of the colour and profundity that the stream lends to their reflections. M. S.

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VAN GOGH. By Paul Colin. (Masters of Modern Art). London : (John Lane. 5s. net.)

BRITISH ARTISTS OF TO-DAY. Nos. I.-IV. (London : The Fleuron. Mark Gertler, John Nash, Gilbert Spencer, Frank Dobson.)

THE PRINT COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY. Vol 13, No. 2. (London : J. M. Dent. 5s.)

All the art publications enumerated above are as indispensable to the art lover as they are excellently produced and portable. *Van Gogh*, Paul Colin's

monograph, translated by Beatrice Moggridge, is a most pathetic record. We are told that with the exception of Rembrandt, no painter has led a more passionate, ill-regulated or tragic life. In the very first pages of this sympathetically written biography we enter an atmosphere of melancholy. The country surroundings of the boy seem to be described in phrases that are full of portent; the brooding joylessness of the subject dominates the writer. It is almost as if the unhappy genius were dictating to his biographer his life as it piled its stressed accumulation of burdens into his ill-prepared hands. It is a strange story; commencing his professional life by selling pictures in various branches of the firm of Goupil, he began to draw pictures of his own, but his unbalanced strenuousness again and again let him down. On the very threshold of manhood a love disappointment submerged him in bitterness of mind. Resentment, chafing against life itself, brought him down into the depths and alienated those who might have helped him back to a more normal level. His life was made up of a series of cycles of periods alternating between much work at a high pitch of enthusiasm and violent outbreaks against all those around him. The work of the artist is followed through in well-defined sequence, and there are forty illustrations of his work, all dated but one, a study of sunflowers. Fate has underlined this omission. Van Gogh's medical man, in whose care he was when he took his own life, strewed a large bunch of the radiant flowers on the grave of the artist. The illustrations are excellently reproduced by F. Rieder et Cie, of Paris, who are the printers.

The series *British Artists of To-day*, issued by The Fleuron, is markedly an advance in the class of pocket-size manuals; the boards in which they are bound combine in every way lightness and strength. In addition to the 17 plates reproduced, there is in each an explanatory preface introduction, with biographical notes. The Curwen Press is to be congratulated on the quality of the plates, which are evidence of unfaltering care and sure craftsmanship. These first four of the series deal with the work of Mark Gertler, John Nash, Gilbert Spencer, and Frank Dobson, the sculptor.

The *Print Collector's Quarterly*, edited by Campbell Dodgson and published by the eminent and justly appreciated house of Dent, contains four well illustrated articles: "18th century Swiss Coloured Prints," "Dighton Caricatures," "The Etchings of A. Beaufrère," and "The Etchings of Orovida," the latter by C. A. Nicholson. Orovida is the daughter of Lucien Pissarro, and although she has come by birth, to some extent under the family influence, which includes that of her grandfather, the famous pioneer artist, Camille Pissarro, and her uncles, she achieved her unique position, as Mr. Nicholson says, "by steadily rejecting the training of other minds, though not the outcome of that training." Her delight as a child was to dream over a collection of birds, beasts, flowers and fishes by the wonderful Hokusai, which her father occasionally lent to her. He gave her the opportunity, without a word of advice, standing on one side, and she with clear sight saw and took the opportunity. Her first etching sprang from the simple question of her uncle, "Shall we do some etchings?"

Mr. Nicholson's article is most entertaining; he marks so lightly each stage of development in commenting on her various etchings, and he seizes so understandingly the shining points of a composition. There are twelve examples given of the art of this self-evolved master—what a thing is self-directed evolu-

tion, so sure in its production of power and knowledge. We are told that a sense of composition was not in her make-up, it had to be gained by constant study, many failures, which were, as failures are, steps on the road to success, and now that she knows for herself, her knowledge is transmitted into power. Her power of representing life is the outcome, as Mr. Nicholson says, of her more than microscopic appreciation of movement; she will see a beast approaching, through jungle or possibly space, and arrest it, crouching or leaping as the case may be. This power was first made known in the West by the Japanese nature artists, and it is heartening to note how Orovida, by brooding over the work of a Japanese artist, absorbed from his work something of the very spirit in which it was wrought. If we reverse the procedure somewhat, and attempt to arrest the motion of a wave of the sea, and record it in ornamental line, we may discover that we have attained the same result as the old Chinese designers, without having studied them in any way.

Orovida's etchings of animals remind us of all the best we can recall of the Japanese masters, and this is because she has gained the same power that they possessed of arresting motion on its way, and so linking it up with line, in her mind, that the resulting impression has power to travel in the imagination of the beholder.

The printing throughout is without reproach, and this applies to every page of this valuable quarterly; but then one expects and gets this from Dent's.

A. K.

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CHILDREN OF ARIES. By C. J. Campbell. Woodcuts by W. G. Raffé. (Oxford : Basil Blackwell. 6s. net.)

This is one of the number of books having the double appeal of being the work of two minds, recording in two languages, as it were, the one vision. Though working on the one theme, the artists' media are on different planes and ages apart in origin; one writes in symbols, the other paints in words.

And in this tastefully produced book of phantasy is all the evidence of complete accord between artist and writer; Mr. Raffé's reputation as a master in the art of woodcut illustration is confirmed by the examples of his work in *The Children of Aries*. In addition to many tail-pieces and headings, there are full-page illustrations marked by great variety of treatment. There is great contrast between a drawing of a Satyr on the edge of a wood, sitting bathed in sunshine, and another in which a draped female figure is leaning against a tree in sunlight even brighter and fuller than that represented in the former illustration. Space will not permit of detailed notice of more of the drawings. The phantasy or vision is written in beautiful prose which breathes in every line the atmosphere of a long past summertime, but the air is too full of regret. I miss the unconquerable optimism of nature and of the message that she brings. There is still the eternal song of assurance, of promise of the return of Pan to his children. It fills the air of our ancient mountains, hovers over our lakes and boglands.

The writer has been trapped for a moment too long under that mountain where Pan lies bound by a bitter cold. Over nearly every page trails the dark garment of despair. All the Fauns, Dryads, and Hamadryads cannot charm the singer away from grief.

And yet I must not forget that there is a page, nay ! there are two pages sung up in the sunshine :—

On a sapphire rock, in the midst of a wheeling drift of blue that entered in at my heart and eyes, and crept into my body and lapped about my feet. It seemed that I was alone and yet less solitary than I had ever been, wedded to silence and she solaced me.

With all the sadness, it is a perfect little cameo ; the colour may be, most of it, russet and purple, olive and brown, with gleams of dead gold, and stains of earthy red, but there is that splendid gleam of wheeling drift about the sapphire rock. The singer does stand, even for a moment, on the summit in the golden sunshine, before he steps down again into the shadows.

Mr. Basil Blackwell, the publisher, is to be congratulated on this artistic production, while the printing by the Shakespeare Head Press of Stratford-upon-Avon, framed in fine broad margins, is excellent. ARTHUR KELLS.

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IRISH LIFE AND LANDSCAPE. Written and arranged by J. Crampton Walker. (The Talbot Press. 10s. 6d. net).

Both editor and publisher deserve great credit for the production of this interesting book which has reached us too late for adequate notice, but even at a first glance it seems to us that it will most certainly provide for many a solution of that annual problem—the choice of a Christmas gift. The object of the editor has been “to lay before the public examples of the works of Irish artists representative of the twentieth century,” and he has in this handsome quarto given us no less than 67 coloured or black and white reproductions of their work, and with the accompaniment of a brief descriptive or explanatory note to each. The book has been entirely produced in Ireland, and offers therefore not only a representative collection of the Irish art work of to-day, but an excellent example of Irish book production.

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THE POCKET-BOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., and Howard Bentham. (Cassell. 6s.)

Admirably described by the publishers as “The Who’s Who of the bird world.” Here one can without difficulty find out all about “everybody who is anybody” in airy circles. With the help of this neat compendium, the least ornithologically-minded of tuft-hunters will be able to differentiate at a glance between the visitors that perch on his local privet-hedges and state-pruned sycamore stumps. He will have no difficulty in marking, by a suitable variation in behaviour, his perception of the distinction between, say, the Kingfisher and the Common Redstart, the Golden Eagle and the Pink-footed Goose. He need never be at a loss at any function of the feathered race, from the hatching of the cuckoo to the immigration of the swallow. The respective songs are given also, so that even were one to be asked to the funeral of poor Cock Robin, and hear “all the birds of the air felt a-sighing and a-sobbing,” one would be able to distinguish every note in the Thumbelina orchestra. Birds, too, that sound as though they must be of foreign or even fabulous extraction have apparently chatted freely with Mr. Kearton, and posed obligingly for the camera of Mr.

Bentham. It is plain that one need not travel the world to meet the Little Auk, who must be, one supposes, a tame as well as, of course, a minor branch of the family which won fame with the human race in Sinbad's time. It is cheering to be reminded that the Turtle Dove and the Nightingale are still approachable. And for my own part I find that Misery Hill is no longer colourless, nor the Terenure tram line drab now that I have realized that on the dreariest of rambles or the dulllest of expeditions there is yet a chance of meeting the Greenland Falcon, the Slavonian Grebe, the Pomator Lime Skua—and even the Hoopoe, or the Mute Swen.

C. M.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Gwen John. (London: Leonard Parsons; Boston, U.S.A.: Small, Maynard & Co. 4s. 6d.)

Within the covers of this unostentatious "popular" edition readers will find a clear and attractive introduction to the study of a notable historical figure. Miss John has the gift (rarely enough to be found displayed in a book of this type) of sifting into a small space such facts as will best represent the wide field of her research. She has a woman's appreciation of the definitely feminine side to Elizabeth's character. She enlivens a sound knowledge of the period with a good deal of interesting speculation on the queen's psychology. An excellent little summary written with a vivacity that disguises its erudition.

C. M.

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MAGAZINES.

THE NEW COTERIE: A Quarterly of Literature and Art. E. Archer. Number Four. 2s. 6d. net.

This number is the conclusion of the first volume of an excellent magazine. All the contributions are by writers and artists who have a message of their own to deliver, and who do not stammer. The object of *The New Coterie* has been to print original creative work of distinction, irrespective of the artistic tendency of the author, and whether he has already received general recognition or not. Among the art contributions is a study by Frank Dobson, whose reputation as a sculptor brings him among the masters, and a powerful pencil portrait of T. F. Powys by William Roberts, who also contributes the cover design. Among many excellent numbers in the literary part of the magazine, special notice should be given to "Sun," by D. H. Lawrence, "The Grasshopper," by Gerald Bullett, and "Luigi of Catanzaro," by Louis Golding, though the latter, perhaps, is flippant to excess when dealing with certain names usually accorded reverence. "The Grasshopper" is a charming and clever study of an old man feeling the full weight of his ninety years. There is a good leaven of Poetry in the number by, among others, William Soutar, S. Matthewman, and Paul Selver, and in addition Part IV. of *European Anthology*.

Facing the List of Contents is a page devoted to "Recent Books by Contributors to *The New Coterie*," an excellent idea from every point of view.

A. K.

The Cambridge Bulletin, October, 1926, which has reached us as we go to press, contains many announcements of importance to scholars and to the general reader. Dr. Owst's *Preaching in Medieval England* is the first, and, if we except the slight but interesting little volume by Baring Gould, published many years ago, the only book on the subject; and amongst other announcements of kindred interest are *The Home of the Monk: An Account of English Monastic Life and Buildings in the Later Middle Ages*, by the Rev. D. H. S. Cranage; *Thomas Becket: Archbishop of Canterbury*, by W. H. Hutton, D.D., and a reprint of a rare book printed by Pynson between 1506 and 1527; *The Lyfe of Saynt Rudegunde*, edited by F. Brittain, M.A.

The new volume of "The New Shakespeare," *As You Like It*, edited by Sir A. Quiller-Couch and John Dover, contains a magnificent portrait of Michael Drayton, which is reproduced in *The Bulletin*; and amongst other illustrations in this fascinating list are some pages from *Boys and Girls of History*, by Eileen and Rhoda Power; "The Death of Becket"; "Asoka Pillar," from *Rawlinson's India and the Western World*, and a fine woodcut from *The Lyfe of Saynt Rudegunde*.

The list of Scientific Works from the University of Chicago Press is an important one, and the three-page list of forthcoming books contains some noteworthy items.

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BOOK CATALOGUES.

We have received from Messrs. Tregaskis, of 66 Great Russell Street, W.C. 1, a copy of their 928th Caxton Head Catalogues, and we have added it, after careful reading, to those other admirable catalogues which have come to us from the same source during the present year. We would strongly advise all bookmen to preserve these products of The Caxton Head amongst that comparatively small section of catalogues worth keeping, for no one of them is without interest, and many of them contain a vast amount of booklore which is not easily obtainable elsewhere.

Some months ago we suggested in these pages that a study of the Dublin editions of Fielding should be undertaken by some Irish collector. We would like to see the scope of such a study widened to include the Dublin editions of Pope and Gay. In the catalogue before us we note a copy of Gay's "Poem in a Letter to a Lady printed by (or for) Daniel Thompson: Dublin, 1714 (price £1 10s.0d)," and described as "not in Bradshaw, Trinity Coll. Lib. Cat. or B.M." The *Trivia* of the same writer was reprinted in Dublin in 1716 by S. Powell in Copper-Alley, and we have seen a copy of *The Petticoat*, by "Joseph Gay" bearing a Dublin imprint of the same date as the very rare London "1st." Gay maintained his interest amongst the Dublin public for a considerable time, and in 1729 we find James Hoey and George Faulkner (at the pamphlet-shop in Skinner Row, opposite the Tholsel) reprinting *The Female Faction: or, The Gay Subscribers. A Poem*, and also Cibber's *Chuck: or The Schoolboy's Opera done on the plan of the Beggar's Opera*. The Dublin editions of Pope are both early and interesting. Grierson's (1718) 8vo. reprint of the 1717 folio, with its separate title page is well worth a bookman's attention. Why not let us have an 18th century (Dublin) bibliography on the lines of Mr. Williams' delightful book?

A worker in such a field would have the benefit of the pioneer work of Mr. E. McC. Dix, and he would, I am sure, find ample material both in Trinity College Library and in the Joly Collection in the National Library—to say nothing of what he may glean from the “poor man’s acre” by the Dublin Quays.

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Mr. Francis Edwards, 83A High Street, Marylebone, has issued a catalogue which he very appropriately entitles “The Sea and Its Story,” for it is indeed a very “Speculum Nauticum (a copy of the very rare 4to which bears that title is, by the way, offered in it at £26), and contains matter to interest every sea-lover. The catalogue is particularly rich in early books of voyage (Purchase is here in a perfect copy, 5 vols. folio, original russia, for £80, and the Hakluyt of 1599–1600, 3 vols., in two, original calf, for £60), early geographical works (a complete copy of the excessively rare “Geographia, in Terza Rima” of Berlingheri, Florence, 1480, heads the list and provides the excellently reproduced frontispiece to the catalogue), and many quaint and rare treatises on the “Compassse, or Magnetical Needle,” including the little 4to by William Borough, which was, if I mistake not, reprinted in the first quarter of the 18th century by that eccentric divine and mathematician, Whiston. Amongst the facsimiles with which Mr. Edwards has generously decorated his pages is the title page of a very curious book of travels *The Isle of Pines*, 1668 “Wherein is contained a true relation of certain English persons, in Queen Elizabeth’s Time, making a voyage to the East Indies were cast away and wracked near to the coast of Terra Australis Incognita, and all drowned, except one Man and four Women. And now lately, Anno Dom. 1667, a Dutch ship making a voyage to the East Indies, driven by foul weather there, by chance have found their posterity (speaking good English) to amount (as they suppose) to ten or twelve thousand persons.” The autobiography of that “One Man” would be a document of considerable interest, but since the thing does not exist, I venture to suggest its invention to one of our more realistic young novelists as material for what could hardly fall short of being a “best-seller” if treated in the proper way.

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Some months ago we drew attention to a catalogue of books from the library of Mrs. Eliza Vesey, the famous “blue-stocking,” and friend of Dr. Johnson, issued by Mr. W. H. Robinson, 4–6 Nelson Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is pleasant to know that such a finely produced and interesting catalogue has met with the appreciation which it most certainly deserved. In the new list of Miscellaneous Old Books (a very modest title, that!) now issued by the same bookseller, we are offered the unsold portion of the Vesey library—63 volumes out of the original 574.

Mr. Robinson’s new catalogue covers a wide field, and has, as is usual with his lists, many items of outstanding interest. No. 134, for instance, *The Rent and Account Books of the Belasyse Household, Newburgh Priory, Yorkshire*, would undoubtedly give some pleasant reading to the lucky collector who has

the necessary £12 12s. od. The Priory must have been a right pleasant place wherein to be a guest at Christmas time, for amongst the Miscellaneous Disbursements are such entries as "To the Musick for Christmas, £2"; "To Ned Mountain for 5 pints of Sack, 2s. 6d" and, quaintly enough, "To a Company of Players, 5s." The ghost who "walked" to such poor effect in our day, would, I fear, be accounted anything but "an honest ghost," and yet I venture to think that there was a very pleasant "occasion" at the dispersal of that 5s. If the good Knight had only thought of recording the name of the play by which the money was earned, his entry would have considerably more value. It is good to know that while these festivities were in progress within the walls of the Priory, the hospitable Belasyse gentry were not unmindful of the poor without, as witness "To the poore of Abbayland, 13s. 4d." and "To the poore on the highway, 8d." And here, to leave the Newburgh household, is an entry which I would offer to the attention of a labour leader: "To Thomas Johnson, for plaistering at Cockwold, 8 days at 8d. a day and 8d. over—6s."

No. 291, Clanny's *Practical Observation on Safety Lamps for Coal Mines* (8 pp), 1816, is interesting as having anticipated the work of Sir Humphrey Davy which, by the way, is also here with the author's presentation inscription and the bookplate of Michael Faraday, for £3 3s. Amongst many items of Irish interest are (682), Wm. Molyneux's *Sciothericum Telescopicum*, 1st ed., orig. clf. Dublin, 1686, (359) A collection of Poems in Latin and English on the late Royal Nuptials by Students of the University of Dublin, 4to orig. clf., Dublin, 1761, some rare "Rebellion" tracts (524, 525, and 534) and an Irish MS., 92 pp. "consisting of a collection of Ossianic Tales and Lays, with a number of poems by poets of the S.E. Ulster district," 1808-9, an item which should certainly be acquired by some Irish library.

The Shepherds' Hunting, by George Wither, a book which forms the subject of one of the most delightful essays in "Gossip in a Library" is here in its first edition, woodcut bordered title and all, but lacking the "Postscript," for the very reasonable price of £5. The Johnson entries are numerous, and include the rare second issue of *The Prince of Abissinia*, 2 vols., 12 mo., 1759, *The Life* by Hawkins, 1787, and *The Poems of 1785* (all of which books were promptly reprinted in Dublin in the years of the London issues), and in the case of (537) *The Lives of the English Poets*, the Dublin edition of the first volume actually anticipated the so-called "first" edition by two years. The Dublin edition of *Irene*, 1749, which came into our possession recently in a volume of Dublin-printed plays, is a very rare book, and the only reprint of the tragedy until the London re-issue of 1781. Amongst the modern "firsts" in this fascinating catalogue from which we must tear ourselves regretfully away, is that most desirable of Merediths, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, 3 vols., 1859, "an exceptionally fine and fresh copy" (there is a kind of melancholy pleasure in the very transcribing of the words) for £12 12s., and Butler's *Erewhon*, 1st ed., orig. cloth, at £7 10s., and five of the beautiful Nonesuch Press books are offered at prices which will assuredly effect their speedy sale. We thank Mr. Robinson for the pleasure we have had in the reading of his catalogue, and we wish most sincerely that it was in our power to "express our sympathy in a more practical form" as they say at meetings and other places where "collections are taken up."

Messrs. Dobell, 77 Charing Cross Road, W. 1, devote the first part of their Catalogue No. 340 to Books printed before 1800 and offer many choice things by Defoe, Johnson Chatterton (the handsome Cambridge edition of 1794), Goldsmith and Gay as well as some fine and moderately priced collections of pamphlets on various subjects.

No. 369 *A Note on Patience* by Max Beerbohm, 8 pp. is a very rare item, and to collectors of "Max" well worth the price (£1) asked for it. A.E., whose earlier books are steadily increasing in "collecting" value, is represented by six first editions, including the rare Tower Press booklet *Some Irish Essays*, which, owing to the peculiar quality of the paper in the covers, is seldom to be had in fine condition, and *The Mask of Apollo* (1904), of which only 500 copies were printed, is another uncommon item, and the first book published by the firm which, later developed into Maunsel & Co. A history of that firm, by the way, would provide some interesting reading, and it is to be hoped that Mr. George Roberts who has been associated with it from its inception, will some day give us an account of what was undoubtedly an important period in what is called The Irish Literary Renaissance. Another Tower Press Booklet, *Moore's Reminiscences of the Impressionist Painters*, is priced in the same catalogue at £6. ("Mint copy," it is true, but a decidedly "tall" price for this little book which was published twenty years ago at 1s.). 25s. is the price asked for yet another Tower Press Booklet, *Bards and Saints*, by John Eglinton, a book which we venture to say, will some day be eagerly sought for, as will that earlier and rarer work *Two Essays on the Remnant* by this same master of exquisite prose, one of the very few writers of fastidious English at the present time.

Two Yeats' items, *On Baile's Strand*, and *The Hour Glass*, etc., both in the Abbey Theatre Series, are priced very cheaply at 5s. each, though £1 15s. is asked for a poor ex-library copy of the same poet's *Secret Rose*, 1897, but the amount (£10) asked for Stephens' *Insurrections*, 1909, seems to us, with all due respect to Messrs. Dobell, a highly fantastic one, and we would much prefer to spend our money in acquiring, as we could from the same catalogue, the six volumes of the Nonesuch Press (including Donne's *Paradoxes* and Vaughan's *Poems*) at the same price.

We have to acknowledge with gratitude the gift of Book-Auction Records from that most courteous of publishing firms, Messrs. Henry Stevens, Son & Styles, of 39 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. 1. To praise such a work would be little short of impertinence. It is the Collector's Bible, an absolutely essential part of every bookman's library. For the collector as well as for the seller of books, these well-indexed Records provide the best, indeed, save for those specialised bibliographies which are often expensive and difficult to procure, the only reliable guide to not only the values, but the "points" of "firsts" and rare books of almost every kind. To genuine book collectors the year which is almost past has been a rather distressing one, signalised as it was at first by a foolish craze (there is no other word with which it can be described) for firsts of many worthless modern writers, for books which will be certainly forgotten within a few years; but the latter part of the year has seen a distinct revival of interest in the English classics and in those books of all countries which are "for all time," and the prices recently fetched by some of these are of good omen for the coming year.

BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

Mr. Bertram Rota, of 108 Charing Cross Road, London, has just published his eighth catalogue. Mr. Rota specialises almost entirely in modern books, and his new list is of exceptional interest. The *pièce de resistance* is perhaps item 274, George Moore's first and extremely rare book of poems, *Flowers of Passion*, published as far back as 1878. In view of the fact that it has the additional interest of being a presentation copy from the author, the price asked (£25) is not by any means extravagant. Amongst other desirable things we notice a set of proof-sheets of some of Conrad's privately-printed pamphlets, and long runs of First Editions of Hardy, Galsworthy, Kipling, D. H. Lawrence, etc. Irish collectors will be interested in item 294, an autographed copy of Sean O'Casey's early pseudonymous booklet, *The Story of the Irish Citizen Army*, which is priced at three guineas. There is also a section of the catalogue devoted to General Literature, entirely modern, in which each volume is offered at the uniform price of half-a-crown. Altogether an interesting list.

The Dublin Book Agency, Marino Villa, Malahide Road, Dublin, provides a striking assortment of literary rarities in its Catalogue No. 2, which is dated December, 1926. Its first section is concerned with eighteenth and early nineteenth century books; its second with modern First Editions. Anglo-Irish authors are, as might be expected, well represented, and the range is a wide one, extending from Swift to Shaw, from Moore to Yeats. There is a complete set of the First Editions of Darrell Figgis offered as one lot, at what strikes us as being an extremely low figure. In looking over the list one is amazed at the extraordinary variety and extent of Figgis's literary activities. There are also some very interesting Sinn Féin rarities brought together here, and Irish collectors generally will find this collection exceptionally attractive. The Dublin Book Agency is a somewhat youthful enterprise, but it has set out to fill a very definite want in this country, and we feel sure that it will receive the support of keen and discriminating book collectors.

"Choice First Editions, Association Copies, Modern Illustrators, Items of Esoteric and Human Interest Remarkable for their Great Variety, Moderate Prices and Fine Condition: Priced for the joy of Collectors with Keen Perception but Small Purses." So runs the somewhat "intriguing" title of the 147th Catalogue issued by Mr. Frank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, London. Generally speaking, it lives up to its description.

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BOOKS RECEIVED:

- Great Short Stories of the World. Coll. by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.
 Straws and Prayer-books. By James Branch Cabell. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Children of Aries. By C. J. Campbell. Woodcuts by W. G. Raffé. Basil Blackwell. 6s. net.
 A Sentimental Journey. By Laurence Sterne. Decorations by Norah McGuinness. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
 Digging for Lost African Gods. By Byron Khun de Prorok. Putnam's. 25s. net.
 Translations and Tomfooleries. By Bernard Shaw. Constable. 6s. net.
 The Judges in Ireland. 1221-1921 (2 vols). By F. Elrington Ball. Murray. 32s. net.
 Experiences of a Literary Man. By Stephen Gwynn. Thornton Butterworth. 21s. net.
 A Book for Bookmen. By John Drinkwater. Dulau. 7s. 6d. net.

- The Eel and other Poems. By Evan Morgan. Kegan Paul. 5s. net.
 Examples of San Bernardino of Siena. Chosen by Ada Harrison. Illus. by Robert Austin. Gerald Howe. 10s. 6d. net.
 The Bright Island. By Arnold Bennett. Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d. net.
 Autobiographies. By W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
 The White Blackbird. (Play). By Lennox Robinson. Talbot Press. Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.
 A Simple Guide to Rock Gardening. By Sir James L. Cotter. Sheldon Press. 2s. 6d. net.
 The British Public and the General Strike. By Kingsley Martin. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d. net.
 Four O'Clock and other Stories. By Mary Borden. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.
 King Goshawk and the Birds. By Eimar O'Duffy. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Painter's Methods and Materials. By Prof. A. P. Laurie. Seeley, Service & Co. 21s. net.
 Apollo in Mourne. A play in One Act. By Richard Rowley. Woodcuts by Lady Mabel Annesley. Duckworth. 6s. net.
 Joanna Godden Married. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.
 Show Boat. By Edna Ferber. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.
 Before the Bombardment. By Osbert Sitwell. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.
 A Talk with Joseph Conrad. By R. L. Mégroz. Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.
 Mr. Gilhooley. By Liam O'Flaherty. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.
 A Banned Play and a Preface on the Censorship. By Marie C. Stopes. John Bales, Son, & Danielsson. 5s. net.
 Collected Poems. By James Stephens. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.
 The River Flows. By F. L. Lucas. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Beggar's Ride. By Edward Shanks. Collins. 5s. net.
 Collected Poems. By Edward Shanks. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.
 News of the Devil. By Humbert Wolfe. Ernest Benn. 3s. 6d. net.
 All God's Chillun Got Wings. By Eugene O'Neill. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.
 Two or Three Graces. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.
 A Japanese Don Juan. By John Paris. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Midnight Court and The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow. Trans. from the Gaelic by Percy A. Usher. Jonathan Cape. 6s. net.
 The Hogarth Essays :—1. Composition as Explanation. By Gertrude Stein. 3s. 6d. net.
 2. Rochester. By Bonamy Dobree. 2s. 6d. net.
 3. Impenetrability. By Robert Graves. 2s. 6d. net.
 4. Catchwords and Claptrap. By Rose Macaulay. 2s. net.
 The Hogarth Press.
 The Heiress of Wyke. By Katharine Tynan. Ward Lock. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Beadle. By Pauline Smith. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Baby Grand and other Stories. By Stacy Aumonier. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.
 The Old Bridge. By W. J. Locke. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.
 New Collins' Novels. 7s. 6d. net.
 Complete Change. By Alex. J. Philip.
 Security. By E. Wynne Tyson.
 Cross Trails. By Herman Whitaker.
 All the Way. By Elizabeth Fagan.
 The All-Bright Family. By Archibald Marshall.
 Young Lady Dazincourt. By Conal O'Riordan.
 Fly Leaves. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
 Sack and Sugar. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.
 The Footsteps that Stopped. By A. Fielding.
 The Mask. October. 2s. 6d.
 The New Coterie. Number Four. 2s. 6d.
 The Studio. November. 2s.
 Drawing and Design. December. 1s.
 Commercial Art, Christmas Number. 1s.
 Irish Life and Landscape. The Talbot Press. 10s. 6d. net.
 Typical Elizabethan Plays : ed. by Felix E. Schelling. Harper. 12s. 6d. net.
 The Book of the Bear. The Nonesuch Press. 6s.
 The Minister's Daughter. By Hildur Dixelius. Dent 7s. 6d. net.
 At Dawn Above Aherlow : Poems by John Lyle Donaghy. Cuala Press. (100 copies only).